

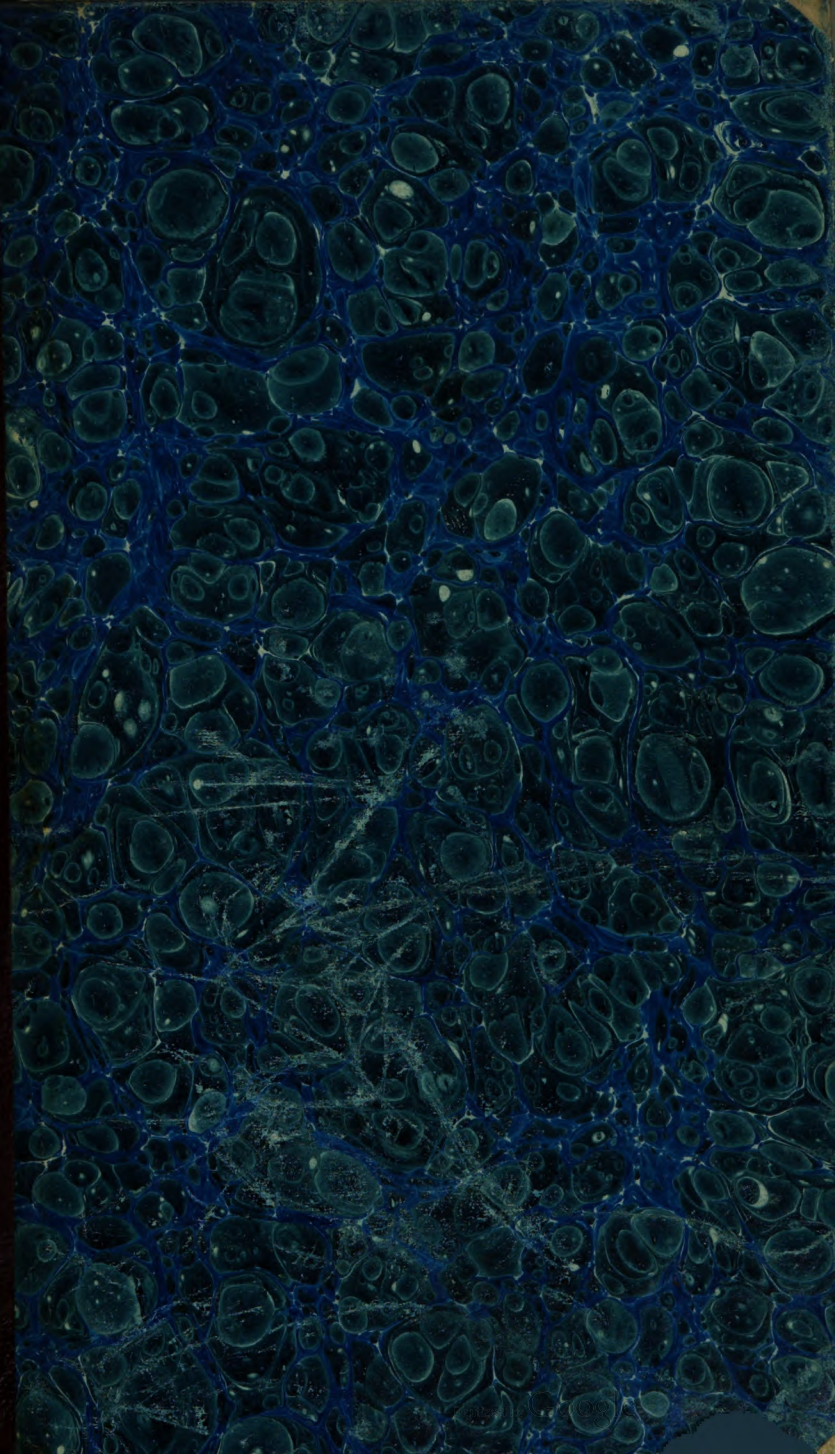
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NORWAY,  
AND THE  
NORWEGIANS.

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

*Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.*

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1840.

**LONDON:**  
**PRINTED BY T. BRETTELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.**

**To Ludvig Baac,**  
**AND**  
**To Henrik Wergeland,**  
**OF**  
**CHRISTIANIA,**  
**THE FOLLOWING SKETCHES OF THEIR**  
**MAJESTIC COUNTRY,**  
**AND INDEPENDENT COUNTRYMEN,**  
**ARE INSCRIBED**  
**BY**  
**THEIR FRIEND,**  
***The Author.***



# NORWAY

AND

## THE NORWEGIANS.



### CHAPTER I.

Preface—Copenhagen—Amager Market-people—Frederic-  
borg—Libraries—Picture gallery—Cronberg Castle—Got-  
tenburg—Firth scenery—Laurvig—Holmestrand—Moss—  
Approach to Christiania—Passports superfluous—Modes of  
reaching Norway.

THOSE who are most acquainted with the political and social prospects of Norway, are best aware that the civilization and the importance of the Norwegians have been exceedingly underrated. Their place in the scale of nations has been but imperfectly made out. The best accounts of them (with the valuable exception of Mr. Laing's) have been those that have confined themselves to the geology and the physical appearance of their country; and the

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worst are those that have honoured their institutions with condescending laudations. Of this latter there has been far too much. Many travellers have spoken positively contemptuously of them; others have *damned them with faint praise*; as if, in the essentials of civilization, they had differed *in kind* from ourselves. The natives themselves complain of this, and accuse us of ranking them with the uncultivated nations. They seem to be continually in anticipation either of some expression of disparagement, or of some patronising encomium. They wish to be known as something better than hardy peasants and hospitable mountaineers. It is not those who talk of their warm hearts, and their Auroræ Boreales, that they put their chief trust in. They love to be known for their institutions, rather than for their mountains; for things social, rather than for things geological. The civilization of Norway differs from that of England, as that of Inverness does from that of London; not as the stages of culture in Ispahan and Paris differ from each other. It is a difference of degree, not of kind. The two countries are on different steps of the same ladder. They are on the same pair of stairs, and between the same landing-places. Socially speaking, the Norwegians are something better than the neigh-

bours of the Laplander ; politically speaking, they are something more than a province to the Swede. For all this, the most lax notions are afloat in regard to their habits of thought, their science, their literature, and their political prospects. Little or no interest is taken in their destinies. And yet they are pre-eminently a rising people, full of youth, and hope. They augur well of their fortunes themselves, and feel that day by day they improve. Surely, the working of the most democratic constitution in Europe should be observed ; a European America (on a small scale) must be worth visiting.

For my own part, I am about to write upon Norway, as a man writes the memoirs of a familiar friend ; less with the intention of giving a detailed account of his actions, than with the hope of setting his general character in a true light, and of clearing away certain misconceptions concerning it. But though I think well and feel warmly in its favour, I wish to indicate the subject rather than to exhaust it, to stimulate the curiosity of my countrymen rather than to satiate it. My work is more of a sketch than a treatise, an outline rather than a full and correct likeness, a chain of desultory observations rather than a regular dissertation.

I say to my reader, not—*come and hear*, but—*go and see*. I stand up most strongly for the civilization of Norway; but between civilization and refinement I draw a wide distinction. Themistocles could not play upon the flute, but he could elevate a small city into a great one. The Norwegian M.P. legislates for the welfare of his country, though he smokes in the drawing-room. A nation may possess refinement, that possesses nothing besides.

My impressions regarding Norway are well-nigh five years old; and I must be excused if I, occasionally, describe from remembrance. I had no notion, whilst I was there, of writing a book. Upon things that made but a slight impression I shall, perforce, be sketchy, and make up for being so, by writing *con amore* respecting points which struck me strongly. I believe that the very truest characteristics of a nation are thus preserved; inasmuch as, from the nature of the case, it is only the more prominent traits that take root in the memory.

In the month of March 1833, I left Hull for Hamburg, and in the May following started from Hamburg for Copenhagen. The steamer to the latter place runs from Kiel and Lubeck alternately. The road between Hamburg and Lubeck is too bad to be tolerated, and, although

the distance is not more than forty miles, we were all night on the way. For this the jealousy of the Danish government may be thanked, which is unwilling to see any facility of intercourse between Hamburg and Lubeck, lest the trade of its own town, Kiel, should be thereby diminished. Yet the places might bear a railroad between them. The Danish steamer lies not at Lubeck, but three miles below that city, at Travemunde, on the mouth of the river Trave, from which it takes its name. We went aboard between five and six in the afternoon; early the next morning passed by the islands Moen and Falster, and a little before noon came in sight of Copenhagen. The town itself lies low, and is masked towards the sea by the island of Amager, and the Three-fronted battery, which latter commands the harbour on all sides. However, the high masts of the shipping shew themselves at a great distance. On landing the steamer is invaded by the *valets de place* from the principal hotels, each recommending his own. Clamorous as they are, they by no means equal, either in pertinaciousness or number, the hotel harpies of France. No one who speaks German, and few who speak English, need be at all incommoded in Copenhagen on the score of language. If you ask a porter in the streets a

question in German he will comprehend and answer you. At the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, where I generally dined, I scarcely heard a Danish conversation. The mistress was an English-woman, and her husband a Bohemian. The same, I believe, was the case at the *Hôtel du Nord*. These are the two chief hotels. A third, upon a less ambitious scale, and with more reasonable charges, is the *Hôtel Lauenburg*, kept by a Scotchman. The passports, which it was necessary to take with you from Hamburg, and to change at Lubeck, must now be given in to the police.

A fortnight may be passed very pleasantly in Copenhagen ; indeed to one who would see every thing in the city worth visiting, a much longer time is absolutely indispensable. It is, without exception, the cleanest town I was ever in. One quarter of it is laid out for the residence of the sailors ; and that with the utmost uniformity ; all the houses are alike, all are clean, neat, and regular. Compared with the rest of the city, they appear low-roofed. In Harwich and Copenhagen the grass grows in the streets, a sign of decayed commerce which I have *read* of often, but *witnessed* no where else. The Palaces form the grand square of Copenhagen ; from these runs an equally noble street, the Ama-

lien Gade. The Royal mansion, a beautiful and extensive Italian building, stands in the middle of the town. There is no lack of royal residences. Four miles on the road to Elsinore, and overlooking the sea, is a castle and park, of which the latter is thrown open to the public. I visited this one Sunday; hundreds of people of all ranks and ages, were enjoying themselves on its lawns and under the shade of its venerable trees. A party of Swedes, the women conspicuous from being dressed all alike, and all in white, had come over from the opposite town of Lund; they served to show off in contrast to the red petticoats and spangled head-dresses of the Amager market-people.

The island, or peninsula of Amager, is the Battersea of Copenhagen. Its inhabitants are chiefly gardeners, and of Frieslandic extraction. They retain the costume of the province from which they came. This consists of a multiplicity of crimson woollen petticoats, somewhat short in their make, worsted stockings, blue aprons, and high spangled caps. Their fashion is the fashion of the Bavarian broom-girls, but their colours are the colours of the rainbow. As the Vierlanders are to Hamburg, so are the Amagrians to Copenhagen.

A noble castle, Fredericsborg, stands within

two miles of the city, and overlooks it. An avenue of lime-trees leads to it. Below lies a garden rather than a park. The public have free access to the grounds. From the terrace is a fine view of the whole of Copenhagen.

Every thing at Copenhagen, with the exception of the arsenal, which is jealously guarded from the eyes of foreigners, is perfectly accessible. The Royal library, one of the finest in Europe, both in respect to the number of its volumes, and the value of its manuscripts, is so liberally thrown open, that a foreigner has only to introduce himself, in order to be enabled to pass as much time as he likes in the reading-room. There lie the fifty Pali manuscripts, brought by Professor Rask from Persia, still undeciphered. There lie also some Gaelic manuscripts of undetermined antiquity and value ; but which, I fear, no Irish antiquary has been zealous or learned enough to unravel. A second library, the Clausonian, consists chiefly of books upon Natural History. I have been told that more books are printed in Copenhagen than in any town of the same size in Europe. In the Royal library, Mr. Elliot, a Scandinavian traveller, had occasion to speak with Professor Rask, its keeper. Now the one was a *bonâ fide* Englishman, and as such might be presumed to know something of his mother-

tongue, whilst the other had written an English grammar for Danes, and a Danish one for Englishmen. Thus, as men occasionally understand the subject they write books about, a competent knowledge of English might be presumed on both sides. But what did these two linguists do? They had both been in the East, and for that reason spoke Persian. Men *will* show off with out-of-the-way languages when they can.

In the picture-gallery I passed two long mornings; it has the credit of being the finest collection north of Dresden. For much information, and for several very agreeable visits during my stay in Copenhagen, I have to thank the family of General Bornemann. Through his kind offer of letters of introduction in case I visited Norway, I decided upon seeing Christiania in preference to Stockholm or St. Petersburg; points upon which, at my departure from Hamburg, I had not made up my mind.

Before a traveller can leave Copenhagen he must procure a certificate, signed by a house-keeper, to show that he is not in debt to any one within the town; or that, if he be, the house-keeper in question will be responsible. The same is the case at St. Petersburg. Moreover, a passport is required for an admission into the Swedish territories.

The steamer starts from Copenhagen to Christiania once a week, in the afternoon or evening. Before the sun had set we passed the venerable and picturesque castle of Cronberg, overlooking the Sound. Here it was where either Havelok, or Ogier, one of the old Scandinavian sea-kings, was found by an intruder, some five hundred years after his death, sitting in a subterranean vault, over a marble table. His cheeks were supported by the palms of his hands, and his elbows rested on the table; but his beard had waxed long during his confinement, had pierced the solid marble of the table, and was growing downward towards the ground beneath. The hero had sat so for many centuries, musing on the degeneracy of his countrymen. When the intruder entered he rose up. The marble was shivered like ice, as he drew his beard through it; and in a terrific voice he told the stranger that he was glad that *men were yet in Denmark.*

I cannot say what the truth may be;  
I tell the tale that was told to me.

Here, or hereabouts, too, it was where Hamlet took notes concerning his uncle's behaviour, and Tycho Brahe made observations upon the heavens.

A little before noon the following day we reached Gottenburg, the Liverpool of Sweden. In the days of its glory it was supposed that it would swamp the trade of Copenhagen. Things, however, went but indifferently with the more speculative merchants, and the credit of the town ran retrograde. Canals are cut along, and in the middle of the streets, just as the Liffey runs through Dublin, or the Welland through Spalding. The grand scene of Sweden, the falls of *Trollhätta*, or the *wizard's cap*, lie at no great distance from Gottenburg; indeed, the whole neighbourhood, if it in any respect resemble the approach to the town, must be very beautiful. We landed for about an hour, just as the town was filling with the retinue of the Crown Prince of Sweden, then on a circuit through his father's dominions. The appearance of the houses was intermediate to that of the Danish and Norwegian residences. The floors were not sanded, but strewn with chopped juniper tops. A new language, very stately and sonorous, and compared with which the Danish seemed querulous, and the German cumbrous, now greeted my ears. I heard Swedish spoken for the first time. Gottenburg and Trollhätta are known to Englishmen, who know no other parts of Scandinavia. Sir John Moore's expedition to Sweden took

place on that part of the coast. Stromsøe, lying between Gottenburg and Norway, is a fashionable sea-bathing place, the only one of the kind in the North. I speak of it from report. It is the Brighton of Sweden, and consists of a single hotel.

The next morning I awoke, and found myself off Fredericsværn, at the entrance of the firth of the Christiania. We had the promise of a fine sunny day, and eighty miles of sailing before us. By the word *firth*, I mean what the natives called a *fiord*, i.e. an inland projection of the sea. The Scotch firth is the same word, and means precisely the same thing. It is a pity to talk Norwegian, and say a *fiord*, when *firth*, a word of our own language, will do as well. I shall talk then in future of the Firth of Christiania, the Firth of Drammen, just as a Norwegian traveller, in Scotland, would, if he were a sensible man, *not* talk of *Tay-fiord*, or *Forth-fiord*. Firth scenery is the grand characteristic of Norway. There is no tide in the firths, so that their surface is generally smooth and glassy. There is no regularity in the outline of their shores, so that they extend their branches and wind far inland, and when seen from the land appear like lakes, rather than parts of the ocean. There is boldness and

beauty in their banks, which are generally weather-beaten primitive rocks, either rising abruptly from the sea, and so presenting a broad blank front to the billows, or sloping downward covered with trees and verdure, and there is infinite loveliness in the clusters of innumerable islands and islets which rise from their surface, and bear vegetation of all hues and odours. The waters of a Norwegian firth are as transparent as the clear sky that they reflect.

The character of the voyage changes upon passing Fredericsværn. The vessel now stops at the towns it passes by, in order to take up new passengers. The company increases every half hour. It comes fresh and fresh. The day gets brighter, and an awning is put up over the deck. We begin to enjoy the travelling for its own sake. We wax sociable. We look like holiday people rather than voyagers. Eight hours of salt water lie before us without the possibility of sea-sickness. There are on board about three Englishmen travelling for pleasure, two or three Germans, and a Frenchman upon business, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, *ad libitum*. There is not a band of music as there would be in a Herne Bay steamer, and it is easily dispensed with. We talk to one another.

If you meet an educated Norwegian the chances are that you will be surprised at the fluency of his English. So it is if you sit next to a Swede; his politeness will delight you. Voltaire called them the "Frenchmen of the North," and thought he paid them a compliment in doing so. The truth is the compliment, as far as credit for *politesse* may be considered as such, was on the side of his own countrymen. Swedes are as polite again as the Frenchmen. With the exception of a few isolated Poles, whom I have never met without being struck by the elegance of their behaviour, the Swedes are the first of men in point of manners.

Fredericsværn should be looked at. There lies the Norwegian navy, and there is the naval academy. Opposite, but out of sight, is Fredericshall, where Charles XII. was killed. A little beyond, on the side of Fredericsværn, is Laurvig, famous for the capture of lobsters, and the growth of potatoes. The lobsters supply the English market, and are bought up by English monopolists; the potatoes go to the distillery, and are converted into whiskey. We stop for passengers both at Fredericsværn and Laurvig. We stop also at Tonsberg, the oldest town in Norway, and the one which, in proportion to its inhabitants, boasts of the greatest quantity of shipping.

Dinner is now over; several cigars are to be smoked. The vessel is off Holmestrand, the most beautiful part of the firth. The rocks here are higher, bolder, and more perpendicular than at any other point. Holmestrand, like the places already mentioned, is a third-rate Norwegian town. On the other side, a little farther up, is Moss. In all probability some Havre vessels will be lying there for wood. Both Holmestrand and Moss sent their quota of passengers to the vessel, which is now pretty well filled. I forgot to mention that it is called the *Crown Prince*: there is another, which rejoices in the name of *The Constitution*. Three more miles, and we shall have reached Christiania, of which we are already almost in sight. But first we have to touch at Drobak. When people say that they have been to Drobak, they generally get smiled at. There is some mystery connected with the place which I have failed to fathom. Yet even Drobak has its shipping and its trade in wood. There are generally some auks to be seen swimming about in the neighbourhood.

The firth now has divided itself into two branches; the vessel keeps to the one on the right hand; the other would have taken it to Dram-

men, a town of more importance than any I have hitherto noticed.

A white fortress is now visible ; we are in sight of Christiania. So beautiful has been the scenery, so fine the day, and so agreeable the company, that one regrets that the journey is terminating. The farther inland you sail, the smoother becomes the water, the more tranquil the breeze, the islets become less weather-beaten and more green, and the shores on each side less distant. The beauty of the scene increases at every winding of the firth. The islands too in the neighbourhood of the larger towns get inhabited, so that sheep may be seen grazing, and fishermen's children run to the water-side to stare.

To the honour of Norway be it said, that strangers can travel through it without a passport. Those that have but little luggage with them (as was my own case) can step ashore at once. Within five minutes after the landing of the vessel I was in the Hôtel du Nord.

There is no great choice as to the mode of reaching Norway. Sailing vessels of course find their way thither from several parts of England. From Colchester a vessel arrived at Christiania, during my stay there, after only three days'

voyage. The mail-packet sails from Harwich to Gottenburg, and is about a week, upon an average, on the way. It has accommodation for a single person, the charge, including provisions, being six pounds. Single-masted lobster-vessels, belonging to Mr. Howard, who monopolizes all the shell-fish from Laurvig, to Christiansand, sail from Manningtree to Nye Hellsund, near Fridericsværn, at frequent though irregular intervals. In one of these I returned. Upon the whole the steam-conveyance is the surest and the most agreeable; and it is the only one by which a lady can at all travel. However, the vessels north of Copenhagen run during the summer months only. The lobster-vessels have completed their passage in four days, and have been three weeks about it. Still they are difficult to sink, and may be trusted on the score of safety. I am writing now as things were five years ago; since then an alteration has taken place, for I observe that Mr. Laing embarked in a Post-office *steamer*, and not in a sailing vessel; from Hull, and not from Harwich. Had I been inclined to sail from Hamburg to Norway, there were not wanting in that port vessels bound both for Bergen and Drontheim, as well as for Christiania.

## CHAPTER II.

Three Norwegian capitals—General appearance of Christiania  
—The Fortress and its Terrace—The Promenade—Penal  
labour—The Viceroy's Palace—Observatory—Public Li-  
brary—Begging—Watchmen—Dress of the People—Houses  
and Furniture—Meals—Mode of living in Christiania during  
summer—Hotel—English Travellers—Athenæum—Lyceum  
—Musical Meetings—Rifle Club—Theatre—Ohlenschlager  
—Representation of the Merry Monarch—Kongshaven—  
Expenses.

THREE towns, Bergen, Drontheim, and Chris-  
tiania, are equally the capitals of Norway.  
Within a thousand or two inhabitants, the popu-  
lation is the same in them all. It amounts to  
about twenty-three thousand. Bergen stands  
pre-eminent in point of trade and wealth;  
Drontheim boasts of the most national antiqui-  
ties, whilst Christiania, is, comparatively, a  
modern town. But the last is the seat of the  
court when the Viceroy is in residence; it is the  
seat of the University, and it is, moreover, the  
city wherein the Parliament meet and hold their  
sessions. In point of refinement it far surpasses

its rivals. It looks less like a foreign town than any place I have visited ; it looks also less like a Norwegian one. The proportion of wooden houses is smaller than a traveller might expect. The grand secret of the peculiar appearance of foreign towns consists, to my mind, in the number of gable-ends that look upon the streets, and their absence of sash-windows ; whilst English houses stand sideways, and scorn latticed lights. Avenues of trees on each side the street do something in contributing towards an un-English aspect. Avenues, however, we have at home ; as in Oxford. Christiania has gable-ends and lattice-windows in abundance, but no avenues. The complexion of the city is rather pale than florid. There are not many houses of red brick, but a multitude that are either white-washed or glazed. Outside the windows, and at right angles with them, projects a double mirror ; this gives the inmates a view of what passes in the streets. The same is the case at Copenhagen, and I have seen such things in single houses at home. No one need look out of a window. This is an important exemption, since the Norwegian casements are, in general, double for the sake of warmth. Window-breakers may thus smash two pains with one stone ; a great advantage for mobs on illumination-nights.

The inhabitants reside in only parts of houses. Hence street-doors are less common than large arch-ways leading to yards, into which the dwelling houses, for the most part, open. There are no houses of towering altitude. Two whity-brown stories is the orthodox height.

Nothing very gay in the shop-windows; the vender's name and profession are not lettered so neatly as they might be. The familiar placarded eulogiums of Warren's Blacking, with their irascible cat, and the reflecting boot, in black and red, are occasionally visible. I hear that the same may be seen on the Pyramids and on the wall of China.

The largest open place is the Market, about the size of Bloomsbury-square. The streets are about the breadth of Long Acre. They are well paved, and the kennels keep within their banks. The light of modern days, gas, has yet to break upon them. Wherever four streets meet there is a well, and wherever there is a well there are palings round it. People congregate at these points less than might be imagined. In England, they would be general *rendezvous*. Gangs of twelve or ten would gossip around them. The streets are named, and the names are put up at their corners. People who promenade,

do so, not in the streets, but on the terrace of the fortress.

The fortress is a compact building, overlooking the sea ; from which its whitened walls are the first object in Christiania that a traveller catches sight of. What its value as a place of defence may be I leave others to decide. Its situation is commanding. The town has no walls. Running nearly from the quay to the castle is a raised terrace, parallel with the sea, with a row of lime trees on one side, and the firth on the other. It is the driest and most elevated part of the town. What the pier is to Boulogne, the terrace is to Christiania, viz. the grand promenade. A dozen persons may walk abreast along its whole length. On a summer's Sunday, when the morning-service is over, it is the resort of all the beauty and fashion of the place. People *cut* you there that are all condescension in the East end of the town. There may a stranger learn the newest fashions of Scandinavia ; there he must appear in his best equipments ; there also may he not smoke cigars. This last restriction has however more to do with the gunpowder of the armoury, than the laws of *bienséance*. The terrace is a favourite walk even in the winter. There are no leaves on the trees, but there are Royston

crows in abundance. There is no approaching steamer to watch, but there are fishing-boats to look at. During the days of the cholera, it was a favourite walk of the valetudinarian, who eschewed the more tainted regions. The sea-breeze kept it healthy, and the elevation made it dry. A depôt for military stores stands somewhat below.

At, and about, the fortress work the convicts. Compulsory labour, without the walls of the prison, and under the eye of an overseer, is one of the Norwegian punishments. The prisoners are led to and from their appointed penal toil in gangs, two by two, and with a jail uniform, by way of clothing and designation. A drab slouch hat, a drab jerkin, with either the sleeves, or one side, of a darker colour than the rest, and reaching half-way down the body, is the prison livery. In Copenhagen, where the same system prevails, wooden shoes are worn, that clatter as the chains clank. I am not certain that this is the case in Norway. All the world may see them at work. This must either wound the feelings of a prisoner or harden them. Hang a man in England, and in the case of nine criminals out of ten, the feelings on the part of the public will be those of sympathy for his fate, rather than detestation of his crime.

The pernicious tendency of this feeling has led social legislationists to advocate hanging within the prison walls, but before a sufficient number of witnesses. Dr. Whately, in his admirable work upon Secondary Punishments, is inclined to that opinion. The same writer approves of task-work in the open air, and (of course) in public. Is not this open to a similar objection? An old man, for instance, is submitted to daily penal labour; his person is recognised, the same persons see him led along the same streets, at the same hour, and at the same toil. Surely there is thus engendered a tendency to sympathise with him rather than condemn. The task-work system is not without its objections. If you have a jail-bird, keep him to his cage.

The Crown Prince is the Viceroy of Norway; and, as such, has a palace in Christiania. There is nothing in its external appearance beyond that of a private house. Within, I have heard that there are some valuable paintings. The Vice-regal palace however is not one of the lions of Norway.

The Observatory, lying at some distance from the Hôtel du Nord, on the road to Drammen, is a quiet, unobtrusive building. Through the kindness of Professor Hansteen, who resides there, I was enabled to go over it, although of

the value of its instruments I was unable to judge. They were chiefly of German workmanship.

The public library is even more accessible than the one at Copenhagen. It contains about 120,000 volumes. Two librarians have the management of it. Get a respectable householder to be your surety, and you may obtain from it whatever books you wish. It is free to the whole town, and not restricted to the University alone. I seldom called for a book without finding from six to ten persons waiting for a similar supply. The Norwegians do not buy books to sleep on the shelves. The library of Christiania accommodates about ten times as many readers as the Bodleian.

The medical students have the run of a large hospital, a handsome building on the outskirts of the town, and of a Botanic Garden. There is a Military Academy, a building for the meeting of the Storting (Parliament), a Custom-house, and a Cathedral. Beyond these Christiania boasts no public buildings; nor are those which I have alluded to such as would strike a person elsewhere. Not one of them is any thing in point of architecture: there are no grand Gothic windows in the Cathedral, and scarcely a column or an arch in any of the civil

edifices. A public building in Christiania means a large house: and it is useful rather than ornamental. Substance rather than show is its characteristic.

From some indefinable appearance of similarity, Christiania put me rather in mind of Peterborough, although I must confess that I found no other traveller similarly impressed. There is an average traffic in the streets. On a market-day, the chief square is crowded with the country people and their wares, consisting chiefly of wood and provisions. The latter are, in the winter time, completely frozen. Before cooking they have to be thawed in *cold* water. Game is abundant, being chiefly grouse, ptarmigan, and the big black cock of the woods, as large as a turkey, the capercaillie of the Scotch. The fish-market is by the waterside.

Begging in Norway is a profession. The streets are full of little mendicant children. Never relieve them. Charity is no object to them. They have most of them comfortable homes, and beg, as in England they would play in gutters, or make dirt-pies, merely *pour passer le temps*. The soldiers serve as police during the day, and as watchmen extraordinary by night. The true watchmen wear long cloaks, and carry with them the redoubted Morning Star.

They look rather like monks with crucifixes, than policemen with Lucifers,—rather like the keepers of consciences, than the guardians of the night. The University students, under a year's standing, carry, I understand, a *bâton*, something like the watchmen's. Highwaymen exist in Norway, but, as yet, pickpockets are not. In an early number of "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," an account is to be found of the Turpin of Norway, Ole ———. No prison could contain him, magistrates found it better to trust to his *parole* than to bolts and bars, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs as he passed through the streets. Such is the account given of this notorious robber; of course, it is tinged with a dash of the romantic. Heroes of this kind are not quite as they are depicted in Rookwood, nor their horses either. However, as the race of these respectable worthies is fast declining, we ought to make the most of such as are left us.

Such of the lower orders as are seen walking about, will be dressed for the most part, in grey frieze great coats, with fur caps or hats; the women wearing thick woollen sad-coloured petticoats, neither remarkable for their length or their brevity. The Norwegian head-dress for females is generally a red or crimson cotton

scull-cap, sitting rather back upon the head, and leaving all the forehead exposed; this is called a *lue*. I mention these trifles, lest any one should expect to find *costume*. Such a thing exists indeed in the provinces, and pictures of what they are may be bought at the shops; but in the towns it is looked for in vain. Nor is it general in the country. A few parliaments (Stortings) ago one or two of the county members wore the dress of their province, even within the walls of the Storting-house. Now, however, no one does so. Time was when an English representative went to legislate in a full dress; now they go in top-boots. We are laxer than our ancestors in parliamentary etiquette. The reverse is the case in Norway.

Where there is *costume*, there are silver ornaments also. The Scandinavian peasant can generally show a set of buttons, or a paternal salt-cellar, of that metal. In Halling-dal there is *costume*, so there is in Hedemarken. The middle classes dress like ourselves, or differ only in the quality of their cloth, or the cut of their clothes. I have a pair of trowsers made in Norway, which I have worn, not only in the country, but in Cambridge and London also. In the garb of the ladies there is no essential difference. Mr. Laing saw *gigot* sleeves on the

borders of Lapland. The materials are less costly than our own. A gingham is good enough for a ball. The peculiarities of the winter clothing will be mentioned hereafter.

Let no one imagine that he can dress as he likes in Christiania. In Hamburg I found it necessary to take a plaid dressing-gown with me, through the town, and into the country. As it was the easier mode of conveyance, I put it on and wore it. No attention was attracted. This would not have been the case in Christiania. You can no more take liberties with your dress *there*, than you can in London.

There are two druggists' shops in the town: over each stands a carved elephant, with a castle on its back. Besides these, there are no signs in Christiania. There are but two inns, and these content themselves with putting up a board and their name. Tom-and-Jerry shops there are none. What a man drinks he brews or distils for himself, or else buys at the chandlers. When men come from the country, and lay out their money with a grocer, or a victualler, the master of the shop will give them in a glass of corn-brandy, and occasionally take it with them.

When you enter a shop, take off your hat. There is plenty of good manners under a rough outside. The tradesmen have too often more

prices than one, as our own itinerants have ; so that, occasionally, bargains must be driven.

If you take lodgings in the town, there is a *table d'hôte* at the inn for your meals. Several residents live in that manner. At the inn, a single room, unless the contrary is especially ordered, serves for bed-room and sitting-room. The furniture of a Norway room is that of an English one, *plus* a double window, and *minus* a carpet : curtains are occasionally dispensed with. Wood is burned in a stove, instead of coal in a grate. The floor is generally varnished, and is oftener strewn with minced juniper-tops than with sand. The absence of carpets is not univereal : at Eidsvold (of which more anon) there was a carpet in the drawing-room. The bed-quilts are often of eider-down, very light and very warm ; indeed, too much so, for any but the most chilly temperaments in the coldest weather. Generally speaking, the rooms are larger than in England. There is no lack of fresh air ; the stoves keep up a free circulation. Wood fuel annoys an Englishman's eyes just as coal vexes a foreigner's nose. It is no affectation in strangers saying, that the smell of an English fire is disagreeable. Here and there may be seen an ornamented ceiling : in the inn at Drammen is one. All this refers to the houses in towns.

A person (let us say in the month of June) at the *Hôtel du Nord*, passes his day much in the following manner :—He breakfasts in his own room, on coffee and whatever else he chooses to order ; at two o'clock, he dines at the *table d'hôte*, where he may meet, perhaps, half-a-dozen of his own countrymen, a few Germans, some of the unmarried merchants of the town, and some professors of the University. His dinner will consist of fish ; to which (in deference to the Norwegian rule, that *fish must swim*) he will drink some *red* wine ; most probably Medoc. In joints, the Scandinavians are *not* allowed to shine ; but a beef-steak can be got there as easily and as good as in England. London (or Gottenburg) porter, Seltzer water, and champagne, or (what is better) a mixture of the two, can be had by calling for. If there be game, it will be grouse ; and pudding and cheese wind up the meal. There are soups, as it happens : the natives, we will observe, generally throw in a glass of brandy. Their example is very well to follow, if you mean to stay but a short time in the country, and to make few or no acquaintances : unless, however, you mean to do so, it is well to economize your powers of potation. There is so much of necessary drinking in the way of healths and pledges, that superfluous

drams should not be indulged in. Afterwards, you go down into a parlour, on the ground-floor (the bar), and take a cup of coffee: after this, you can either go to sleep, or play at billiards. There is a billiard table in the house, at which the visitors can play *gratis*. The habit of drinking tea, at least in the summer, may be discarded, after crossing the Baltic. If you think of walking about until it gets dusk, and then going to bed, you will have to promenade for about three weeks. There is no darkness at this season of the year. Return to your inn about half-past seven or eight, and then take supper—strawberries and cream is the grand dish at present: mountain, or at least hill, strawberries and cream, of richness unknown to the southron. If this does not suit, there is a *carte*, so that you may order according to your fancy.

By night it is as hot as by day. There are no vermin at the *Hôtel du Nord*, which is more than can be said of the country post-houses; but there is light and heat, so that a little tossing and wakefulness may be calculated upon. No need of candles to go to bed by. Higher up in the country are musquitoes, or what in respect to their biting propensities are equivalent to them.

My remark that so many as six or eight Englishmen could be found at one *table d'hôte*,

at the same time, and in a country so comparatively little visited as Norway, should not cause surprise. Plenty of people go there, for pleasure as well as for business: high and low, titled and untitled; some to fish, and others with the vain hope of shooting bears. Of all these, nine out of ten take the same route, at the same season of the year, and go to the same inns. If two Englishmen are in Norway, at the same time, the chances are that they will meet each other. The first person I spoke to on landing was an Englishman; the first person I saw in the billiard-room was an Englishman; the first three names I saw on the list of the hotel were those of Englishmen; and when I spoke German to the landlord, he answered me in English. The peasants along the line of the Grand Tour are said to be losing the original simplicity of their manners, growing tricky and avaricious; English prodigality has corrupted them.

Sledges and carriages (upon which I shall hereafter expatiate), are the national conveyances of the Scandinavians; their other carriages are much the same as our own, whether two-wheeled and one-horsed, or four-wheeled and two-horsed. Ladies rarely ride upon horseback. Somewhat more cumbrous and creaky, than the modern London carriages, the Norwegian state vehicles

are best represented by the old-fashioned English family coach, rather lumbering, but very capacious. What, however, the Scandinavians lose in point of compactness and neatness compared with our own heavy carriage, they gain in the unrivalled elegance of their carriages, which are pre-eminently light and graceful.

So much for the exterior appearance of the capital of Norway. Such as have to stay there for a continuance, naturally inquire how they have to pass (or kill) their time. In the first place, they can obtain access to the book-room, the Athenæum. For the first month a stranger is admitted gratuitously; after that time, he is at liberty to purchase a ticket, which he may do for a dollar *per* month. There he will find, beside German and Danish periodicals, English newspapers, and English reviews. The Times and Chronicle find their way thither within rather less than a fortnight after their publication. The Quarterly, Foreign Quarterly, and Edinburg reviews lie on the table, not unstudied, at least not *uncut*. I pointed out to a friend, belonging to the University, the articles in the Quarterly by Nimrod, upon the Turf, Road, &c. &c. I had hoped to excite his astonishment at the style in which things were done in England. He merely quoted,

Non equidem invideo, miror magis.

Norwegians have no sympathy with expensive follies; they comprehend not splendid eccentricity; they have no idea of making the pursuit of excitement half a year's occupation. They are not a nation of hunters and shooters. Dandyism is, however, at present unborn amongst them; and the philosophy of the toilet has yet to be studied. It is not, because they are fine gentlemen that they are not sportsmen.

Parallel with the dining-room of the Hôtel du Nord, runs a large chamber, which is the ante-room to one still larger, running from it at right angles. Here are held the Lycæum meetings. Here, once a fortnight, in the season, is a musical concert; and here are given, periodically, the public dances. Strangers that reside in the hotel have the *entrée* of the Lycæum. In the main room are to be found the band, and the more sedentary listeners. There sit the ladies and their *attachés*. In the outer room there is less form. Refreshments are set out, of which gentlemen partake, and converse with one another during the intervals of the music. Amateurs both play and sing at the Lycæum concerts; and the inner room, spacious as it is, is generally, I believe, filled to overflowing. I was present neither at the Prince's ball, which was given by the Viceroy,

at the time of his visit, nor (until nearly the termination of my visit) at any of the public ones. However, they are pretty frequent; not only at Christiania, but in Drammen, and the smaller towns. It is well to have your rooms at some distance from the concert-room; since, where I slept, I overheard, not only all the music during the meetings, but the preparatory practice, and the tuning of the instruments to boot. Wherever there is an assembly, punch and spirits, with something high dried by way of a whet, are not far off. A dram and anchovy-(sprat) sandwiches precede the dinner. What an Englishman calls *sprats* a Scandinavian calls *anchovies*, the true anchovy being a *sardigne*.

The *Studenters-Samfund*, is a kind of student's club, where music, or chess-playing, and conversation, but neither political nor literary discussions, are carried on. I am not aware that there is any public debating society in Christiania.

There is also a Rifle-club; a hare made of iron, shot along a grove, and a bird, of the same metal, swung from a high pole, serve as marks.

A Norwegian never either loses sight of his duty towards his Father-land, or misses a chance of inculcating it. The patriotic motto of the

Rifle-club is to the following import :—*We are now in sport, but are prepared for earnest, when our country requires us.* All this is as it should be. Those who run may read the inscription. It is written in large letters, and stands conspicuous on a high pole.

I visited the theatre but once; it is a small building, and not very well filled. The actors are chiefly Danes, whose pronunciation sounds as foreign to a Norwegian, as that of a Scotch actor would to a Londoner. I know one or two students who foreswore the theatre until such time as it should be supplied with home-bred actors. Ohlenschläger, the first poet of Denmark, and, in the eyes of his more passionately admiring countrymen, of Europe, was visiting Norway during the July of 1833. Due honours were paid him. After dinner (for he dined at the table d'hôte), the company arose and drank his health. I saw their eyes turned towards a portly, florid-looking man, near whom I had been sitting, without being aware of the poetical atmosphere I was breathing, when suddenly they were on their legs, and drank the health of *Mr. Professor*. In this I regret to say that, through ignorance of the person to whom it was addressed, I joined mechanically.

I would fain have known that I was draining a bumper to the author of Correggio, and Palnatoke. At the theatre, that same night, a piece of his own, *Hakon Jarl*, singularly adapted to a northern audience (the scene being laid in Norway) was exhibited, wherein, I believe that a *star* from Denmark, Nielson, acted the part of the principal character.

The play, which had been ordered in compliment to its author, was scarcely concluded, ere the audience greeted the poet, who was present during its representation, with a hearty round of applause.

Upon Ohlenschläger's return to his own country he wrote an account of his travels, and expressed himself highly gratified at the reception which he had met with. A person so famous was naturally visited by the many that admired his writings. He received company in the morning. I was honoured with half an hour's conversation with him. He is above the middle height, with a ruddy complexion, and a quick dark eye; has rather the appearance of a *bonvivant*, which report says he actually is.

Satur est cum dicit Horatius Evæ.

English he reads, but *speaks* German by preference. Indeed, so familiar is he with that lan-

guage, that much of what he writes in Danish, he translates into German. This secures him an extensive audience, and throws his works into a wider circulation than they would otherwise have. However, his mother-tongue is the sufferer. Few will learn a strange language in order to read works which they may find in a familiar one. Moreover, the Germans claim him as their own. Germanism, however, he strenuously disowns. I think I heard him say that he spoke no German before his eighteenth year. Germany then has no right to Ohlenschläger. France might as well claim Gibbon, or England Dumas. Formal introductions lead in most cases to the same conversations. We began with the library of Copenhagen, and ended, after some encomiums on his part, upon the poetry of Thomas Moore, with the merits of Shakspeare. According to the canons of Copenhagen critics, there are three points in perfect poetry; in *one* of which, Shakspeare is transcendent, and in the other two, nothing at all, or in one of which he is nothing at all, and in the other two transcendent. Kan vel være—(*It may be*)—as sceptical Norwegians express themselves.

But back to the theatre. The only play which I saw performed there was an *adapted*

English comedy, *viz.*, Charles the Second. For some mysterious reason, the title was changed to that of *The Youth of Henry the Fifth*. Of course the Fat Knight was to be expected as a character. Far from it. There was not a Falstaff, but a Rochester. There was no confusion of the two plays beyond that of the mere name. Was the piece then Henry the Fifth, with a difference of plot and characters, or the Merry Monarch with a difference of name? Casuists may determine. Wapping was called *Vapping*, and Rochester, *Roshester*. The costume was, as most costumes are, gloriously inaccurate. I felt no inclination to go again. The hours are earlier than our own, or rather our own are preposterously late. Instead of the old innkeeper singing

At the time of the Rump,

When old Admiral Trump, &c., &c., &c.

and his daughter stopping his mouth at the *finale*, the orchestra played a grave piece of music. Of course, this *crambe repetita* could not be repeated quite so often as the good old song, with its imputations, against our Dutch neighbours, on the score of their canine extraction, and their dress *à la Vénus des Hottentots*.

On the other side of the firth lies a lone house,

at the bottom of a hill, and surrounded by trees. This is Kongshaven, sacred to the recreations of the lower orders of Christiania, serving maids more especially. On Sunday evenings they meet there in their best attire, and pass the time in dancing. The room is scarcely so spacious as the Crown and Anchor booth; still it has a springy floor, and holds conveniently as many as dance at once. Ground is economised. Such as look on must do so from a gallery that runs round the room. Punch, &c. may be obtained above. Those that love scrapes may here get into them. Mistake another person's partner for your own, or take an unfair precedence in the dance, and you sow the seeds of a most desirable *fracas*. If, like Cimon, you would fight and conquer, both by land and water, step into the wrong boat, or jostle about on the planks that lead to it. There is a strong feeling in favour of fair play in the breasts of Englishmen. So we say of ourselves, and so says every nation of itself. This feeling is, in Norway, much as in other countries.

The best bread in the North is in Christiania, but it must be ordered, and paid for extra.

A Norwegian specie dollar is equivalent to about 3s. 10d. A silver one equals 5s. Silver

however is only to be seen at the Custom-house, where it is absolutely necessary to pay in metal. The government might circulate it much more generally than it does if it chose. All that is not silver is paper, copper, or alloy. In bad times the specie-dollars have been as many as twelve to the pound. The bank is in Drontheim. Twenty-four skillings make a mark, five marks a dollar. For twenty-four dollars per month, I was boarded and lodged in the Hôtel du Nord, for more than half-a-year. This is Englishman's price. A native would have got the same accommodation for less. An addition must be reckoned for wine and servants. The thing can be done for less by taking lodgings in the town, and dining at the hotel. In points of economy, Sweden has the credit of having an advantage over Norway. A Swede finds Norway a dear place to live in. Besides the two hotels, there are restaurateurs in abundance, and there is a French confectioner for ices and sweetmeats. Christiania has no suburbs, its citizens have no country-houses. Neither has it colonnades, nor balconies, nor areas, nor street music, nor street walkers, nor gardens before the houses, nor an exclusive *clique*, nor a swell mob, nor a smooth pavement. There is nothing superfluous but

the habit of taking a dram, as a whet, in a country where the air is a sufficient promoter of appetite, and a Russian ambassador in a city where a Muscovite vessel does not enter once in a twelve-month :

The thing we know is neither rich nor rare ;  
We wonder how the devil it came there.

The English consul is a Holsteiner, and the French one an Esthonian.

## CHAPTER III.

Jomfrue Braaten—Burning forests—Norwegian Farmers—  
No law of Primogeniture—System of Bethrothals—National character—The name of Norman—Students—  
Country round Christiania—Firth—University Symposiaca.

CHRISTIANIA stands low; the sea beats against the rock upon which the fortress stands; but it is almost on a level with the swampy grounds, covered with samphire, and sea-weed, around which the more retiring parts of the city are built, and which confine its inland branch, which runs up, on the right of the fortress, to the road which leads, by Skydsjordet, to Moss and the towns on the other side of the firth. Low parts near the sea have the same character in most seaport towns. They seldom form the court end; swarming, as they generally do, with fish-wives and seamen.

*Conferti nautis cauponibus atque malignis.*

Christiania is not bisected by any branch of

the firth; although it extends so as just to turn round its innermost recess. A few houses, not a fortieth part of the town, appear on the opposite side, which, for the most part belong to fishermen and navigators. Those that wish to reach them from the fortress or its neighbourhood may, instead of walking round, be rowed across, occasionally by female ferrywomen.

On the opposite side you are in the country, and amongst the hills, that overlook both the sea and the city. A winding path takes you to their top. There stands a farm-house called *Jomfrue Braaten* (pronounced *Yomfru Brotten*).

When a place has been cleared of its trees by burning, the open space that it is left is called a *Braaten*. The Norwegian woodsman clears the forest, and prepares it for cultivation by fire. The light of a burning forest may be seen on dark nights at the distance of many miles. When Frithiof burned down Balder's holy grove, he did (as far as the simple burning went) no more as an outlaw, than he would have done as a farmer; and when his poet described the cracking and groaning of the primæval, and intertangled forest, he described merely what he saw with his own eyes, wherever a new land was cleared of its timber. - The Nor-

wegian peasant is a sort of fire-king, a Monsieur Chaubert.

“ As the Norway woodman quells,  
In the depth of piny dells,  
One light flame amidst the brakes,  
While the boundless forest shakes,  
And its mighty trunks are torn,  
With the fires thus lowly born ;  
The spark beneath his feet is dead,  
He starts to see the flames it fed,  
Howling through the darken'd sky,  
With a myriad tongues victoriously.”

P. B. SHELLEY—*Lines written amongst the Euganean hills.*

Now, how is it that the fire stops precisely at the right place? Norwegian forests are somewhat extensive. Calculate the miles of girth in an average one, and you need not be very nice to a hundred or two. Deal is cheap enough to be sure, but not such a drug as to be made into charcoal by the square mile. Besides, even when the ground is clear, the roots must still be grubbed up. I have no answer to give to all this. I saw a great fire at a distance, and was told it was a forest burning; I asked the meaning of the word *Braaten*, and was told that it meant a plot of ground burnt clear. If this be the case then, *Jomfrue* (which is Norse for a *young woman*) means virgin soil. I write

all this, however, in fear and trembling, and dare say that I am making a great blunder. Perhaps some future traveller may tell us how much of what has been written about crackling leaves, and knarled roots is true, and how much poetical; and perhaps some itinerant chemist may feel interested in obtaining information about this wholesale manufacture of pyroligneous acid.

The farm-house of Jomfrue Braaten is a popular summer residence with the students of the University. I was introduced to one of them, my friend Ludvig Daae, a native of Nordland, and student in classical literature, soon after my arrival; and after passing a fortnight at the Hôtel du Nord, prevailed upon myself to exchange the more comfortable living of the town for the free air, and beautiful prospects of the country. I had now an opportunity of studying a country life in Norway, and the habits of the Norwegian farmers, or *Bonde*\*. I cannot say

\* I shall in this place, once for all, lay down the rules to which I mean to subject myself in the use of Norwegian words and Norwegian modes of spelling; in other words, I shall take this opportunity of disclaiming the notion that, simply because a Norwegian word has no precise English equivalent, it is therefore to be used to the exclusion of a homebred one. For instance, the word *Bonde* is exactly translated by none of the

that I availed myself of my opportunities in the way I might have done, and should do were I

following words, *farmer, peasant, yeoman, &c. &c.* For all this, I shall in the forthcoming pages talk, not of the *Bonde*, but, of the *yeoman*, not because the words are equivalent, but because they are *there or thereabouts*, in other words, *equivalent to all intents and purposes*. Carry out the opposite notion to this, and you have patched and party-coloured sentences, half vernacular, and half foreign, to a disagreeable degree. On the other hand, words like *carriole* and a few others, to which there is not only no *precise* English equivalent, but also no *practical* one, I shall retain in the original Norse. The use of un-English words is to be *exception*, not the rule. I shall not go beyond the pale of the British language without showing reason. Yet it would be an easy task, and perhaps might be mistaken for a learned one, to write some such sentence as the following:—*I sent the Forbud, to tell the Skydsgut to get ready the Carriole—Forbud, and Skydsgut* meaning, not exactly, but very nearly, *courier and post-boy*.

Again, in the matter of spelling—there are words of two kinds; those that are commonly spelt in the English, and those that are spelt in the Norse manner. As a specimen of the former, take the name of the city *Drontheim*. Properly *spelt*, this is *Trondjem*; properly *pronounced*, this is *Tronyem*, or something like it. Now I do not profess to spell words as they are pronounced. Independent of other reasons, in all cases where the one language has sounds that are absent in the other, the matter is impossible. Thus then the two spellings *Drontheim* and *Trondjem* give, each of them, an equally false notion of the sound; whilst the former has in its favour the fact of its being English. In both cases there is an equal amount of error; but the oldest is one to be kept to, because it gives no trouble in the learning.

to revisit the country. I had no intention of writing a book, and was a *tiro* in the language. The Norwegian *Bonde* differs from the English squire in not deriving his income from tenantry and a *rent-roll*, and from the farmer in being invariably a freeholder. He is moreover of more peasant-like habits than the gentleman-farmer so called. The class he most nearly corresponds with are, the Dalesmen of the midland parts of the north, or freeholder-farmers in the fenny districts of England. There, where land, from the fact of its being but newly reclaimed, is distributed amongst a large number of moderate, rather than a small number of very extensive land-owners, the truest parallel of the Norway *Bonde* is to be found, in the old-fashioned freeholder-farmer. Take a fen yeoman, put him in a lone house on the shoulder of a mountain, suspend the law of primogeniture that his brothers may be as good as he is, make his market-town fifty miles farther off than it was before, let his next door neighbour live in a wooden-house about two miles off, supplant his English prejudices with some Norse ones, dress him in a grey frieze coat, subtract a little from his habits of industry (inasmuch as they are superfluous during a northern winter), but nothing from his obstinacy or his honesty, and you

have, what I wish to picture for you, a Norwegian *Bonde*:—

They and their like present the front,  
That keeps the land's increase ;  
That boldliest bides the battle's brunt,  
And freeliest speaks in peace.

Norway was not one of the countries of which Goldsmith's Traveller took his survey. Had he done so, no land would have supplied him with a race of men more capable of making good a passionate address to equality and independence. Land descends from the father to the family, not from the father to the eldest son. There is no primogeniture, and no law of entail. Of course, farms, under such a system, *do* decrease, yet they do so less perceptibly than might be supposed *à priori*. The cake must needs grow smaller as it is divided ; yet the farms of Norway are not mere strips like the French ones, but, on the contrary, sufficient and extensive domains. The traveller may expect to see houses arising like exhalations, the country lit up with burning forests, and an appearance of a multiplicity of ubiquitous Swings. In this he is disappointed. Two circumstances will account for his being so. In the first place the university, the army, the navy, and the government offices, (all of which

are given to Norwegians) take a great proportion of the youth of the country, and find for them a provision independent of their paternal farms. In the next place, small families of thirteen children are comparative rarities in Norway. Late marriages and early engagements are the rule. A betrothal of three or six months previous to solemnization is not only decorous, but legally necessary. In Norway, the age at which an average number of people marry is higher than it is in England, and in England it is higher than in any other part of the world. This is not an unmixed good, whatever the political economists may say to the contrary. Children are born out of wedlock all the world over; oftener however in Norway than elsewhere. The children of love bear a vast proportion to the children of the altar. In Kraft's invaluable description of Norway, statistical details are given upon this slippery subject. It is, however, but fair to add that prostitute mothers are in the inverse proportion to illegitimate children. I believe the same is the case in the islands of Portland and Man, where a similar system prevails.

Sentiment is a pleasant thing to the parties concerned in it, but stupid work for the lookers-on. A young couple affianced and enamoured

are bores in society. Mutual absorption is a good thing, but general conversation is a better. There is nothing very pleasant in premature uxoriousness, of which there are frequent displays;

Μαθησιανισὶ λαλεῖμεν.

On the other hand, the respective dispositions get better known to the parties whom they most concern, and bad habits have been considerably reformed. The youth of Norway have to pass a certain number of years of probation. Are matches founded on affection common in Norway? I do not know; but the question *har han penge?* (*has he money?*) is asked as often there as it is at home. Those that lose by death, or sickness, their affianced \* ones, are

\* I am sorry to differ with Mr. Laing on a point of etymology, upon which, in a certain degree, we coincide, and one, in remarking upon which, he has fairly anticipated me. He writes, no doubt to the scandal of the sentimental reader, that the words *true love*, and *true lover*, have no origin in the passion of love, but that they are derived from *lov* (*law*), and that in old times a man might be a *true lover* to his bond for ten pounds, as well as to his sweetheart. In this he is quite right. But it does not follow that the name of the passion *love* should flow from the same source. *That* must be derived from a common origin with the German *liebe*, a word with the same meaning. *Lov* (*law*) was originally *lag* or *laug*. The sound of *g*, by a common etymological change, passed into

objects of general interest. A consumptive curate in a provincial town of England is not more so.

I said that the Norwegian farmer had somewhat of the obstinacy of the English one ; I might have added that he partakes also of his prejudices. What a Norwegian says of a Swede should be believed as little as what a Briton says of a Frenchman. The prejudice between the two nations runs incalculably high. When you are told that the Swedes are debauched and dissipated, believe it of the towns-people only. If you hear that they are drunkards, tell your informant to look at home. You may have it instilled into you that they are deceitful ; wait until you find them so. I write upon what I have heard from, not only impartial foreigners, who have visited the two countries, but also from the more enlightened Norwegians themselves. That the Swedes are belied by their neighbours, I have no doubt. They are the more energetic nation of the two, can do more

that of *v*. I am sorry to undo this derivation, as, independent of its other merits, it made lawless love an impossibility. The Norse for Love is *kjærlek* (pronounced *ksherlek*), in Swedish *kärlek*, pronounced *cherlek*. This coincides with the English name of the yellow mustard (*Sinapi nigrum*) or *charlock*. What shall we say if these two words be connected ? More unlikely etymologies have been verified.

work for less money, and undersell the natives in labour. What the Irish are to us, the Swedes are, in a smaller way, to the Norwegians. Hence bad blood between the frontier peasantries. There is a scuffle all along the borders every Sunday. Some Swedes came to catch lobsters at Laurvig; the Norwegians spoiled their tackle and bullied them off the coast. That Sweden has a despotic government, is her misfortune, less than her fault. No man has impugned the courage of the subjects of Charles XII. and Gustavus Adolphus. The graves of the Swedes are in the country of their enemies. A Dane or a German sometimes says, *Du pralende Nordmand (thou boasting Norwegian)*. Where there is smoke there is fire.

The Norwegian spirit is not indifferent to the cause of freedom. They shamed the lukewarmness of greater nations in the enthusiasm with which they sympathized with the struggles of Poland. They crowded the quay to hear the earliest tidings, they gave a home to the refugees, and supported them with their purses. Their love to the Muscovite is in the inverse ratio to their sympathy for his victim. However, the Swedes are the pre-eminent haters of every thing Russian. Norway's detestation comes at second-hand.

England should think well of Norway, for Norway thinks well of England. At least she did so in the days of Wessel; who blames his countrymen, for confining their admiration too exclusively to themselves and England:—

They deem that *men* can only come  
From England, or their own cold home.

So sounds a song which criticizes the national pretensions of all the nations of Europe, and winds up with the conclusion that good and bad are pretty equally distributed over all countries.

A Norwegian calls himself a Norman. At the end of syllables the letter *d*, when preceded by another consonant, is dropped in pronunciation; thus *Nordmand* (*North man*) becomes Norman. They claim William the Conqueror as a countryman in blood. I was told that the victor at Hastings was a Norman, and replied that *I had never doubted it*, meaning in my own mind that he was a native of Normandy. This was not what my informant intended. *He* was fighting for the founder of the English dynasty being a Norwegian; as indeed he was, not by birth, but by blood. His grand-father was a Scandinavian, and his nurse, in all probability,

spoke Norse. Eighty years after the battle of Hastings, Danish was spoken at Bayeux.

The hay-season was over when I began to reside at Jomfrue Braaten. The hay is carted on sledges, which glide along most easily over the dry glazed ground, are dragged by a single horse, and, from standing very low, save the labourers the toil of pitching. This is the extent of my remarks upon the husbandry of the country.

One fact I must mention illustrative of the words\* *transversa tuentibus hircis*, as it was told to me by the elder Mr. Wergeland, *viz.*, that at a certain hour of the day the iris of the goat's eye contracts in a peculiar manner, and that the milk-maids and shepherds avail themselves of the circumstance to tell the hour of the day by. This phenomenon constitutes a natural dial. Every goat is his own clock-maker.

About half a dozen students of the University at Christiania were in the same house with myself at Jomfrue Braaten. We formed a sort of *table d'hôte*, and messed together. The university is much upon the system of the German ones. An examination has to be passed, for which it is requisite that previous lectures

\* Virgil, Bucol. iv., 6.

should be attended. If the pupil can dispense with them, well and good. No questions are asked about residence, there are no religious tests, and no proctorial or diaconic discipline. The Norwegian students have none of the bravado of the German ones; neither do they let their hair hang in elf-locks, like the youth of *La Jeune France*. They are steady industrious young men. Instead of spending at the university double what their families have to live upon at home, they are generally earning money either by private tuition, or from some subordinate office under the Government. There are few of them that do not do something for themselves. They take their line of study, and attend lectures accordingly. Medicine, law, government-offices, theology, are their chief aims. Some keep to the acquirement of classical or mathematical knowledge, with the view of devoting themselves more exclusively to tuition. Their classical scholarship is sound rather than elegant. They take an historical, rather than a philological view of matters. I saw some Latin verses composed on the visit of the Crown Prince which were accurate and harmonious. I showed an Oxford Latin prize essay to one of their professors, and he seemed to wonder less that such elegance of composition should have

been acquired, than that it should have been held worth the trouble of attempting. Their class-books are chiefly German. Niebuhr is read as much as in England. I saw a Bentley's Horace in the library of my friend Daae, but looked in vain for the works of Porson or Elmsley. On points of metre, and the *minutiæ* of Greek literature, the average of their scholarship may be low; but on matters of geography, history, &c., they are more than competently informed. *Au reste*, they speak either German, French, or English, inasmuch as they have to be examined in one of those languages. There is no country where there are so many public examinations as in Norway. A man cannot keep a shop in Christiania before he has shown credentials of his education, and has written letters, and spoken speeches in some foreign language. Perhaps this system may in some cases be carried too far. A man may be an honest and industrious shopkeeper without knowing either French or German. Still it ensures a general and diffused education for all classes of society. I hope, in a future part of my work, to be able to enter more in detail upon the educational system of Norway.

The day passed in the country much as in Christiania. Instead of breakfasting in your

own room, coffee and meat was set out for you in the dining-room, and you broke your fast with your fellow-lodgers. The after-dinner cup of coffee followed, instead of preceding, the *siesta*. There was also a difference in the style of the set-out. Things were more in the rough. There were cards and chess (at which the generality are expert players) for in-door amusements, and the country and the sea for exercise. There was an excellent bathing-place at the foot of the hill, with a somewhat toilsome path to lead to it.

Strange stories are told of the voracity of the mackarel. Swimmers have been attacked by a shoal of them. One poor fellow, on the eve of marriage, was devoured by them as he was bathing. He raised his arms above water and the fish were seen hanging on them as if strung there. This was being shark-eaten by instalments. To write what I have heard. I can pledge myself for mackarel being carnivorous, but am not answerable for their being either cannibals, or in the habit of dining, like the Abyssinians at their bull-feasts, on live flesh.

Between the time of the hay and the corn-harvest, the country is in its full beauty. The wood-strawberry, and bilberry cover the shaded rockside, and wherever there is sand or soft soil, the beautiful blue alkanet is sure to be found.

There shining bright on each high hill-top stood,  
Of silver birch a venerable wood ;  
And golden wheat, and waving rye did grow ;  
Tall as its reapers, on the slopes below.  
And lying lower countless crystal floods  
Held out their mirrors to th' o'r-arching woods.

It is just on the shoulders of the hills where small enclosures of corn are to be found. The rougher and more perpendicular parts are generally covered with wood. The "*crystal flood*" at Jomfrue Braaten was the firth of Christiania, which the house overlooked. I showed this view to one of my countrymen, who had seen the most beautiful parts of Germany, and much of the more admired spots of Norway, who had moreover poetical blood in his veins, just as the sun was setting. He declared it to be the most beautiful view he had witnessed. Tranquillity and repose, notwithstanding the sea lay below, was its characteristic feature; for the woods were taking the sober hue of a retiring summer, and there was neither a wave nor a ripple on the glassy, tideless sea.

In visiting Christiania, which it was necessary to do on post-days, and the days on which the steamer arrived, you are rowed across the branch of the firth by the Lady of the Lake of the preceding chapter. Every week brought some

new English visitor, who, however, in general, made but a short stay in Christiania, and hurried off, after visiting Ringerige, to Bergen by the File-field road.

“They seem in riding to devour the way.”

A university wine-party is much the same in Christiania as in Cambridge; saving, that there is punch instead of wine, and that the drinking precedes supper instead of following dinner. I like our own plan the best. They have great notions of our capability of drinking port. Bergen, I was once told, was built upon herring-barrels, and London upon hogsheads of black-strap. They put currant-juice in their punch, which I hold to be no improvement. When they sing, they sing in tune as we *sometimes* do in England, and with a view to the right key, which we rarely do. There is no compulsory music, no singing all round. Such as are more adapted to listening than to being listened to, hold their tongues. The fine old drinking-song of Walter de Mapes is a grand favourite :—

Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori,  
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori;  
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori,  
Deus sit propitius huic potatori.

Most of their songs imply a touch of Latinism, if not of classical feeling. Teucer of Sa-

lamis is celebrated by them as a *bon vivant*, even as he was celebrated by Horace. *Teucer, Salamina patremque cum fugeret*, &c. &c., runs in Norse as follows :

*Der var engang en tapper Mand ;  
Som Teucer monne hede.*

A valiant man, in days of yore,  
And Teucer was his name, Sirs,  
Was driven from his father's shore ;  
His father was to blame, Sirs.  
He did what best became a man,  
He drained a mighty beaker,  
As men should drain their Christmas can ;  
And so became a speaker.

" Remember, friends, how you and I  
" Have roughed through life together ;  
" And borne the brunt, through wet and dry,  
" Of warm or wintry weather.  
" Now stand our chance, as best we may,  
" A fig for care and sorrow !  
" We 'll fill the bumper-bowl to-day,  
" And sail the seas to-morrow."

This world is but a stormy sea,  
That we, my friends, must weather,  
So just as Teucer did, will we ;  
Drink beakers bright together.  
And when we find a peaceful spot,  
Where bowls of drink be going ;  
We 'll furl our sails, and turn to port,  
And set the flagons flowing.

And since, upon each human breast,  
 Its billows beat—and let them !  
 We 'll drink to those that brave them best,  
 And lightliest forget them.  
 May all that find their fate amiss,  
 And have the heart to bear it,  
 Be blessed with such bright wine as this,  
 And such dear friends to share it.

K. L. RAHBK.

A good drinking-song is music everywhere.  
 The grand *finale* is always the national song.  
 The standing toast is, *Gamle Norge* (*Old Norway*), three times three. *Russland unter*  
 (*Down with Russia*) is now and then heard.  
 For a quiet glass, hob-and-nob, there is

*Os vel og ingen ill,  
 Drik ud og ikke spill.*  
 Us well and none ill,  
 Drink out, and don't spill.

or,

*Min Skaal og Din Skaal,  
 Alla vackra flickors Skaal.*  
 A health to thee, and health to me;  
 And health to all fair maids that be.

This last is Swedish; however, I have heard it both in Norway, and Germany.

It may be seen from the toast of *Gamle Norge*, that patriotism is one of the feelings uppermost in the breast of a Norwegian. Derwent Conway gave offence by saying, "That

a lady of his acquaintance would rather be a servant-maid in England, than a lady in Norway." I believe that simple love for one's country will inspire this feeling, and that many Norwegians may fancy that they would sooner be a servant in Norway than a lady in England. The world is terribly thin-skinned upon these points. The ladies of Norway are generally very notable, and English serving-maids are often fine ladies. The remark of Derwent Conway's friend arose out of a conversation upon Norwegian house-keeping, and merely meant that an English domestic might have less upon her hands than a mistress in Norway.

For my board and lodgings at Jomfrue Braaten I paid twelve dollars a month (just half of what it cost in Christiania), including every thing except wine. There was plenty of every thing. If you now and then brought in a friend to dine with you, no *extra* charge was made. Such a residence, however, is agreeable only in the summer, and with a party of friends to bear you company. Towards the autumn I returned to my old quarters.

## CHAPTER IV.

General face of the country—Christiania firth—Character of the vegetation—Agriculture—Houses in the country and towns—Shew-houses—Churches and Church-yards.

THE grand characteristic of Norway is the firth-scenery. I repeat this again. Mountains, and glaciers, and waterfalls, and woods, and frowning rocks, you may see in other countries, as in Switzerland; the glaciers perhaps not so extensive, nor the waterfalls so deep, but still *there* they are. Compared too with the Alps, the Norwegian mountains sink into insignificance. The loftiest of them, Schneehatten, does not exceed, in height, 8000 feet. The lakes of other countries are no equivalent to the firths of Scandinavia. As parts of the ocean the latter are on a greater scale, and from their long and winding projections, intersecting each prospect, and recurring to the view whenever, in the neighbourhood of the sea, you either make a new turn in your road, or ascend a

fresh eminence, they seem to possess a kind of ubiquity.

No fresh water expansion can be smoother than their surfaces are generally. I have seen the firth of Christiania, in a summer's evening, without a ripple upon its whole extent. There is no tide, and the high hills and bold rocks that rise from its waters, shelter them from the winds. As the rocks rise abruptly, and as the sides are steep and bold, so the sea is deep and perpendicular, and, as such, transparent and green. At times these firths seem entirely cut off from the sea, and take the appearance of inland lakes, or rivers, from the abruptness of their windings, or from the circumstance of some islet, larger than its neighbours, lying across them.

It is only in the vicinity of the main sea, and at the entrance of the main firths, that even the smallest of these islands are weather-beaten, and destitute of vegetation. In the further recesses of their waters they are overgrown with herbage, and flowers, and underwood; the larger of them bearing trees, and often being inhabited by farmers or fishermen. I think that Derwent Conway was the first to remark that, in the matter of its vegetation, wrong had been done to Norway, that its forests had had the credit of being monotonous, and its trees all of one sort, *viz.*,

firs. So far from this being the case, there is no country where the variety, I will not say of timber, but of underwood, is greater, and none where the colours of the foliage are more diversified, or more beautifully blended. The firs grow on the sides and tops of the higher hills; and the farther you go into the country, and the more towards the north that you travel, the more exclusively abundant do you find them. And well their sombre gloom suits with the stern and rugged magnificence of the rocks about them.

On the sea-side, however, and on the islets, it is the birch and the alder, and hazel, the dog-wood, the service tree, and the ash, that throw their many-coloured shadows over the water, and are reflected by them even in their minutest lineaments. They appear no more markedly in the upper air than they are imaged in the wave below. So clear is the atmosphere, and so transparent the glassy expansion of the water. Where the islands are inhabited by peasants, you see sheep browsing on the short sweet herbage of the rocky coppices; and where fishermen are the tenants, their nets are found in the neighbourhood, either hung up to dry, as in the morning and noon, or set for fish, as they are in the evening. Beyond these occasional

signs of life, the interior recesses of the firth are all solitude and tranquillity.

Between the herbage and the low small under-wood appears the grey and rugged substratum of the old primæval crags themselves. The world has no rocks more venerable than those of Norway. It is the hoar antiquity of these giant masses of gneiss, and porphyry, and granite, rather than the mere historical age of the Norwegian kingdom, that makes the native poets always speak of their country as the *primæval kingdom* (*Ældgamle Rige*). It is, however, during the winter only that these crags, with all their weather-beaten antiquity, look gaunt and inhospitable, the skeletons of land rather than the land itself, like the bones of the giant Ymer, which the Eddaic mythologists fabled that they actually were. In summer they are green and smiling, in autumn they follow the changes of the changing leaf, whilst in the spring they must, from the vicinity to the sea (along with the whole coast), be the first to throw off their snow garb, and clothe themselves with the verdure of the new-born year.

The great characteristic of the firth of Christiania, was repose. I speak of it as it was in the summer months, when the house where I lodged overlooked it, and where I seldom passed a day

without either swimming or sailing on it. It was invariably calm and still. As one firth is, so are the rest. Their rocks are worn in the neighbourhood of the ocean, and their coasts grow naked as you go northwards. It is the inland parts where the beauty of Norway is pre-eminent, where no winds vex, and where the sun sets late upon them.

The whole neighbourhood of the sea-coast, from the mildness of its climate, and its low level compared with that of the high chain of hills in the mid-land, is, until you reach the naturally cold latitudes, adapted to agriculture. Where wheat will not grow, barley and oats will; and where neither one nor the other flourish, potatoes are cultivated either for the kitchen or the distillery. Besides these, the fields are sown with hemp and flax; the beautiful blue of the latter clothing the hill-sides, and setting off the waving fields of the rye and the ripening barley. England, with all its vaunted agriculture, and its garden-like appearance, has not so varied and so picture-like an appearance as have the rough hills of Scandinavia, with their grey crags occasionally seen between, contrasted with the dark gloom of the firs, or wrapped round by strips of garden-land or clover. A farmer in Norway will cultivate a greater variety

of product on a farm of equal size than one in England. This arises not more from the diversity of his soil than from his solitary self-relying kind of life. What he wants he must grow for himself. In the neighbourhood of the farm-houses, hops and pease are cultivated, but not as garden-plants, nor yet on an extensive scale. There is no truer line than that of Nordahl Brun's, *Norges Land er ingen Ork* (*Norway's land is no desert*), and none that a Norman quotes with greater satisfaction and pride, when from some eminence he shows his guest the wide and beautiful prospect of green meadows, ere yet the hay-harvest is completed, fresh streams, ripening fields of corn, and waving woods, with perhaps some winding firth in the distance interlacing the dark green slopes with its peaceful waters.

In the beginning of May (this applies to the neighbourhood of Drammen, and is an extract from Otte's travels), the farmer begins to sow his oats, and somewhat later his pease. In the middle of May he sets potatoes. The beginning of June is the time for barley, and the middle of August for winter-rye. Towards the end of August, or the beginning of September, the barley and pease ripen, as the oats do in the

middle of the same month. The summer wheat is cut towards its end. It is only in the neighbourhood of the towns that the farmer has adopted a regular system in the succession of his crops.

Those who have seen a Swiss cottage have seen also a Norwegian one. This latter has its walls made of the rough unhewn trunks of the fir-tree, and its roof of the planks. Occasionally the roofs are turfed over, or have large stones laid on their top by way of ballast. The better sort of houses, such as those inhabited by the farmers, have, in addition to their wooden walls, a coat of paint or glaze, and are generally surrounded by pretty extensive premises, such as dairies, stables, store-houses, and cow-houses. The latter are as absolutely indispensable as the animals that they shelter, rough and hardy though these latter be. In the South, they are well foddered and well lodged. Their neighbourhood smells like Tara's halls on a coronation day. In the North, they fare but indifferently. When hay falls short the remnants of the fish, such as their head and entrails, are made into a kind of mash for them, and even on this they manage not only to exist, but to thrive and grow fat.

Of country-houses of the third rank, which would in England aspire to the name of gentlemen's seats, there are but few in Norway, and such as are to be seen, are, for the most part, in the neighbourhood of the larger towns. The left side of the road, on entering Drammen, is, for instance, very prettily studded with them. Unlike the buildings of Christiania, where, in accordance with some police regulations, the houses must now be built of brick or stone (as insurance against fires), the country residences are, for the most part, of wood. They stand conspicuous above the farm-houses by a greater degree of elegance, occasionally greater height (exceeding the orthodox number of two stories), and the presence of planting or gardens around them. Show-houses, (with the exception of Jarlsberg, in the vicinity of Tonsberg, and of Bogstadt, near Christiania, both possessed by the same person, *viz.*, Baron Wedel), there are none in the whole country. In a country like Norway, there is little need of artificial pieces of water, or forced plantations.

Few and far between are the village churches. Perhaps there are no two spots in the country from whence more than a single one is visible at once. The spire or tower among the trees, with the curling smoke of the hamlet about it, is a rare

object. Such as there are, are built for the most part with light wooden steeples, and have their churchyards planted with flowers. As, in other foreign countries, the grave of a departed friend is hung with chaplets, and strown with wreaths. The cathedral yard in Christiania was enamelled with emblematic flowers.

## CHAPTER V.

Political and natural divisions of the country—Points of the scenery—Mountain chains—Glaciers—Waterfalls—Vorenfoss—Towns—Absence of villages—Description of Bergen—Of Drontheim.

THE political divisions of Norway scarcely coincide with its natural ones. The primary division is into four stifts, *viz.*: Aggershuus-stift, Christiansand-stift, Bergen-stift, and Drontheim-stift. Smaller and subordinate to the *stift*, is the *amt*, as Nor-lands amt. After this comes the *fogderie*, or bailiwick, and then the parishes. There is, besides, a further distribution into toll-districts. Holmestrand, for instance, is in the same toll-district as Drammen. The Norman talks of his *stifts* and *amts*, &c., as we talk of provinces, ridings, counties, wapentakes, &c. &c. But it is far different with the natural divisions of the country. These, as old almost as the rocks and rivers themselves, have reference to the physical features of the country, and you

talk of Hedemarken, Tellemarken, and places in *marken* ; of Hallingdal, and of places in *dal*, of Valdres, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c., as you would talk of the wealds of Sussex, or the vale of Belvoir, in contradistinction to their respective counties. Those that travel in Norway must shape their course according to its natural, and not its artificial divisions, leaving the latter to the tax-gatherer, the returning officer, and the road-surveyor.

The mountain-chains (the *fields*, pronounced *fyells*), are as clearly defined as the valleys that lie beneath them. The character of the Dovre-field is not the character of the Hardanger. The high mountains, those where the snow lies perpetually, and where the glacier accumulates, are to be sought for, not in the neighbourhood of Christiania, but on the western coast, and in the interior. In the Hardanger-chain, running parallel with the Hardanger-fiord, and to the south of Bergen, is the glacier of Folgefund, 5442 feet above the level of the sea. In the same chain is the precipitous and deep fall of the Vorenfoss. In the Tind-field, and near the mountain Gousta (4535 feet high), is the Rioken-foss (450 feet deep) ; before the discovery of the Voren-foss, the highest waterfall in Norway. This latter, 870 feet deep, is to

other cascades, as the mighty Mallstream is to the minor whirlpools. Schneehatten, the highest of all the mountains in Norway, is the centre of the Dovre chain, 8121 feet above the level of the sea. Nearer to Christiania, there are no hills where the snows never melt. Those of Kongsberg, *rugosus frigore pagus*, retain it the longest, indeed it is only during the dog-days that they are entirely free from it. I have mentioned the hills and waterfalls above, not because I have visited them myself, but because they are the *points* of the country, the pre-eminent lions, and those which if a traveller fail in seeing, he takes shame to himself for his incuriousness.

The language of the country bears the impression of its physical features. It is rich to excess in expressions for its natural objects. Every modification of a rock or hill has its appropriate name, whether it be inland or on the coast. Mr. Howard's nomenclature for the clouds is not more complete, or more expressive of slight differences, than is the Scandinavian's classification of his rocks. The peaked hill, and the round-headed hill, the steep ascent and the gradual one, the acclivity with resting places, and the acclivity without them, have, each and all, their peculiar appellation, as much as heaped clouds, and stratified clouds, and clouds opaque,

have theirs. The only difference being, that the one nomenclature is the peasants, the other the philosophers. When the Shetlander, in Sir W. Scott's *Pirate*, sang as follows:

By *stack*\*, and by *skerry*†, by *noup*‡, and by *voe*§,  
 By *air*|| and by *wick*¶, and by *helyar*\*\* , and *gio*††,  
 And by every wild shore that the northern winds know,  
 And the northern tides lave——

he not only drew differences between rock and rock, as minutely as a Norwegian would have done, but used the same words in the expression of them.

If Norway is no desert, it is to a certain degree a solitude. No part of Europe is more thinly populated. The great mass of the people live in the towns, and, with the exception of two or three, all the towns lie on the sea. There are points of language that depend upon your knowledge of topography. As Cicero doubted

\* *Stack*, a precipitous rock rising out of the sea.

† *Skerry*, a flat insulated rock, not subject to the overflow of the tide.

‡ *Noup*, a round-headed eminence.

§ *Voe*, a creek or inlet of the sea.

|| *Air*, an open sea-beach.

¶ *Wick*, an open bay.

\*\* *Helyar*, a cavern into which the tide flows.

†† *Gio*, a deep ravine admitting the sea.

whether he should say, *Sunium cum accessi*, or in *Sunium cum accessi*, so must the speaker of Norse deliberate whether he says, *paa Bergen*, or *i Bergen*. When a town lies on the shore, you must say *i*, viz. *i Christiania*, *i Arendal*; but if it lies inland, you say *paa*, viz. *paa Kongsberg*, *paa Roraas*. Moss is a sea-port town, but it lies inland, hence they say *paa Moss*, making the place an apparent exception. Roraas, where the copper, Kongsberg, where the silver comes from; Levanger, on the way to Drontheim, and Kongsvinger, on the frontiers (where a pretty extensive system of smuggling goods to and from Sweden is carried on) are the only inland towns in all Norway, Moss, as aforesaid, being intermediate. Nor are there, properly speaking, any villages. The neighbourhood of the respective churches holds perhaps a somewhat more congregated population than the points more distant from them; still there are, in the strict meaning of the word, no villages, except where mining, or other operations going on, require that a body of people should be on one spot. Such is the case with the several iron-works, and with the chrome and cobalt furnaces in the neighbourhood of Drontheim and Drammen.

Where the wealth comes chiefly from the

sea, as is the case with Finmark, the Luffoden Isles, and the fishery districts of the North, the country has the least to boast of in the way of wood and woodland scenery; and the chief mining districts, such as those of Roraas and Kongsberg (the former for copper, the latter for silver), are far from being as remarkable for the beauty of their external surface, as they are for the riches that lie beneath. Hence the face of the country coincides with the distribution of its mineral, vegetable, and marine resources. Here and there in the forest districts you find iron furnaces, burning by night as well as by day, and casting their red light across the gloom. Yet they do not appear very general. In no part are they so general as to give you the idea that you are passing through the infernal regions, as I have heard people say you may imagine (but as I have never imagined myself) in Staffordshire and our own iron districts.

Hear now a further description of the two other capitals of Norway, its Metropolitan Triumvirate. The description of Bergen is from the pen of Professor Hansteen, of Christiania; that of Drontheim is an extract from the work of Otte.

\* \* \* \* \*

The approach to Bergen is remarkably striking.

The town itself is built upon a promontory in the shape of a hammer. A suburb of white warehouses is the first mass of buildings that meets the eye. This may be taken for the city itself. However it is not Bergen, but Sandvig. The real town is not seen until you have passed Nordnæs. The west of Norway is as rainy as the corresponding part of England, and the houses of Bergen, naturally white, are protected against the skiey influences by coats of oil and varnish. This gives to the place a dazzling, glary look. No less than five churches overtop the dwelling-houses. In Christiania you see but one. The harbour, a miniature Thames, overflows with shipping. Every glimpse of the country, as it appears between the recesses of the rocks, presents some suburban villa of some wealthy merchant of Bergen. There are none such in Christiania. On market-days the streets are as full as those of Stockholm or Copenhagen. Signs of wealth are every where. All is hurry, bustle, and motion. The streets are rather clean than well paved. Carriages and dialects of all descriptions rattle along them. Dandies may be seen with clothes of the cut Parisian, or dressed à l'Anglaise; and by their side —s (here comes a word which I am unable to translate, but it means a human creature of some sort

or other) with brimstone-coloured jackets, and caps like a pair of horns. The country-girls wear their hair either as bashaws of three tails, in long plaits hanging down their backs, or else braid it in a circle and twine it round their heads. You hear from behind you a sound, rather of a whistle than a human voice, and find, on turning round, an ugly fellow trotting along with a huge cod-fish, with its gills over his finger, and the tail on the paving-stones. Along the German wharf (Tydske Briggen) are ranged the different warehouses with their apparatus of pullies and cranes for taking the barrels and their fishes from the sea to a more uncongenial element. Now take a boat, and examine things more closely. In a four-cornered vessel, like a wooden shoe, rather than a ship, sits a Friesland mother, with her black head-gear, and a baby in her arms. Her husband, Mynheer Adrian, paces the deck with hasty steps, and a tobacco pipe in his mouth. A kettle is smoking on the cabin-roof. No need to ask who yon little black captain may be. He burns coal. Its bituminous odour alone characterises him as an Englishman. Near the Custom-house lie two native vessels, one from Bordeaux and Rouen with wine and silk, the other from Spain, which country it has supplied with some fish for Ash-Wednesday. The Dant-

ziger is laden with corn, and the Flensborger with marine stores. Alas ! that such a great part of them should consist of brandy. A wondrous vessel now makes its appearance ; a Nordland brig, with a rough-hewn tree for a bowsprit, and its lading of fish piled up in a heap, half the height of the mast. A sail is drawn over them as a packing-cloth. On the top thereof run the crew, Norland peasants in their Norland dress. True republicans these ; at least in point of naval discipline. Captain, pilot, sailor, or cabin-boy—each is each and all. Every one orders, and no one attends.

Now we come to the Custom-house, packing and unpacking is the order of the day. The whole place swarms with people ; servants at work, and masters looking on.

Notwithstanding the opulence of Bergen, and notwithstanding its trade, there are neither inns in the town nor hotels. This arises perhaps from the purely commercial nature of the place. Few persons go there except for the sake of commerce, and such find board and lodging with those with whom they transact business. Here and there, indeed, may be found housekeepers who profess to take lodgers ; however, as it is quite optional with them whether they take the

stranger in or not, there is generally a difficulty in procuring lodgings in Bergen.

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I had heard so much of the beauty of the situation of Drontheim, that my expectations were considerably raised on my approach towards it. Right by the side of the town rise the rocks of Svarte and Blyberg. The town itself is extended over a whole peninsula, which it covers with its sightly edifices. On one side stands, conspicuous from the height of its masonry, the ancient fortification of Christiansteen. The naval fortress of Munkholm overlooks the firth from its scite upon a rock in the middle of it. Beyond all, the huge and deep firth, one of the mightiest of the arms of the North Sea, is seen stretching itself out in the distance, between its shores of mountain-rock, capped and clothed by the sombre gloom of the fir-wood. All this was grand and imposing, yet for all this I missed in the approach to Drontheim, the picturesque beauty, and the quiet repose of the scenery near Christiania.

The sea view of the latter was more confined, but it was far more pleasing. Moreover the hand of art had done less in the northern than the southern landscape, for at Drontheim the

country-houses of the merchants, with their garden-plots around them, and their plantations by their sides, were few and far between. The latitude too was higher, the climate colder, and, consequently, the vegetation more scanty. There was a want of trees in the neighbourhood of Drontheim

We crossed a narrow isthmus of land, whereon some fortification works were going on, passed through an unseemly suburb, named Ilen, and reached the gate of the city. We were politely requested to give our names by an officer on the station, and after we had done so, were permitted to enter at once. Further points of passports and police we were not troubled with. As it is in Bergen, so is it in Drontheim: there are no regular inns, but lodging-houses in their stead, which there is no difficulty in finding, and where you are well accommodated.

The city itself lies on the mouth of the Nid, upon a peninsula formed by a bend of that river. Until the fifteenth century it was called Nidaros. The houses are for the most part of wood, and are larger than those of the country in general, and the streets, which run strait, and intersect each other at right angles, are preternaturally broad. This makes accidents by fire of rare occurrence. The place seems empty.

The town is of great extent in proportion to its population, which amounts to about 10,000 for the city, and 2000 for the suburbs\*. The east-side of the town is the handsomest; there the houses of the principal merchants have each a corresponding warehouse on the opposite side of the way, looking with one end towards the street, and with the other over the river. Besides the main streets there is an open square surrounded with handsome dwelling houses.

The largest wooden house in Norway (perhaps in Europe), and the residence of the Stiftsamtmand, is in Drontheim. The central part of the building contains no less than thirty rooms, and there are seventeen in each of the wings. A rich widow left a considerable sum for the keeping up of this giant piece of wood-work. Two other houses, without however rivalling this, stand conspicuous for size among the timber buildings of Drontheim; but they are not sought after as residences, and they bring in but an inconsiderable rent. The fashion for large mansions is exploded.

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\* These numbers are from the census of 1825. Since then the population has increased. In 1834 it was considered to be about equal to that of the other two capitals, i.e. 20,000, or thereabouts.

Churches and a jail, a school and a hospital, a literary society, and above all *the* cathedral (of which more will be said in a future chapter), the regular furniture of metropolitan towns, exist in Drontheim, as a matter of course, as they do in all other cities. The society is more truly Norse than it is in either of the sister capitals. A court and an university, in Christiania, refine it; whilst in Bergen the connexion with Hamburg Germanizes it.

*Lucus, à non lucendo.* The main street in Drontheim is Monk-street, and the fortress of Monkholm, was, as its name denotes, originally a monastery; yet, Norway is precisely the country, where, at the present time, no monk may put his foot. The Jew and the Jesuit are equally excluded from this otherwise tolerant country. The one must trade, and the other must scheme by proxy.

## CHAPTER VI.

The steamer to Bergen—The grand tour—Extent and unexplored parts of Scandinavia—Scepticism as to the existence of the Voren-foss—Hunters and shooters—Bears and wolves—Finnbogi's battle—Elks—Norwegian fences.

TWICE during the year, the steam-boat that plies between Christiania and Copenhagen, extends its voyage, and goes from Christiania to Bergen. This is as thoroughly done for the sake of an excursion of pleasure, as is the expedition of an English nobleman's yacht, or that of a Sunday London steamer. Those that join it, do so for the sake of enjoying themselves. Extra fare, and, I believe, music is taken on board. They take their time on the way. The whole voyage is a coasting one. From one sea-town to another they sail between the islands and the main shore. No one has any business to be sea-sick. At all the towns which they pass they put in, and at the larger ones stay a day or so. I believe that they do this both at Arendahl and Christiansand; at Arendahl, one of the wealthier towns of Norway, and of the second

rank in point of importance, where I hear that the men are more dandified than elsewhere, and where mineralogists may collect zircon syenite; and at Christiansand, where the most Danish, but not upon that account, the best Norwegian is said to be spoken. Thence round the Naze to Bergen, whence, after remaining a day or two, it returns. Unfortunately it has no choice in regard to its homeward route; unless indeed it took the somewhat circuitous passage by the north-east to China, and from thence by the Cape to the Sleeve. Those then that travel against time do well, instead of returning the way they went, to go back to Christiania by land. The finest scenery in Norway lies between that town and Bergen. If ever there is to be a grand tour in the parts above the Baltic, that will be it. There lies the famous road, or pass, of the File-field, depicted, along with other miraculous phenomena, in the Hundred Wonders of the World; a red-covered volume, of which I have an affectionate recollection, and more worthy to be studied than the Court Guide, with the same blushing externals.

Few persons bear in mind the extraordinary extent of Scandinavia. It has the credit of being not only in the north, but of being all in the north. Its amazing length, and projection southwards,

is too often overlooked. Asking travellers about the phenomena of North Norway, such as unsetting suns, five-month nights, rein-deer-driving Laplanders, and bear-skin ball-dresses, is really like asking an Indian from Madras for tidings of your acquaintance in Calcutta. Lund, in Sweden, is nearer Rome than it is to the North Cape. Bergen is not so far north of Bordeaux, as it is south of Hammerfest. The top Scotchmen are as far north, in every sense of word, as the more southerly Norwegians. This great extent (to say nothing of the variety of climate that it leaves room for), combined with the scantiness of the population (amounting, I believe, to about two and a half to the square mile), opens a field not only for the traveller but for the geographer. You may *discover* in Norway just as you may in the interior of Africa. The whole country has an aptitude for solitude, as some people have a talent for silence. There are whole tracts known only to the peasants in their neighbourhood. I am not saying this on my own authority, but on that of more natives than one. Here is an instance. In the Hardanger Mountains is a waterfall (the *Voren-foss*) nine hundred feet high; higher than any, with one or two exceptions, on the face of the earth. The volume, however, of its

waters is not in proportion to the greatness of their fall ; otherwise the noise would proclaim the existence of such a stupendous object far and wide. The eye that saw this for the *first time* is not yet closed. It had fretted, and fumed, and spouted, and smoked, and rattled for more than five thousand years before any one saw it doing so. Mr. Inglis (Derwent Conway) went to see it, failed in finding it, and went away sceptical as to its existence. Mr. Lloyd, however, *did* see it, and described it accordingly. A Norland friend of mine once told me he believed that there were more whirlpools than one of the calibre of the Maelstream ; but that, like the great men that lived before Agamemnon, they sucked and spun unrecorded. There is no European country where you may go over new ground more than you can in Norway.

Avia . . . . . peragro loca, nullius ante

Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes —

may be said with pre-eminent truth by the Scandinavian traveller.

Those that go to *see* will never repent the time they passed in Norway. I will not say so much for those that go to *shoot*. Few and far between are the bears in Norway ; they are more abundant in Sweden, and more so still in Fin-

land. With the exception of Mr. Lloyd, whose fortitude and enthusiasm deserved the success he met with, I have heard of none of my countrymen whose execution in this way was very great. Indeed I know of none who did anything; and of the natives I only found one who laid claim to the slaughter of one. Of Mr. Lloyd, however, the great ἀκροατορος, I hear from the Norwegians themselves that he endured cold that they flinched from. No one, since the days of Finnbogi, was so daring. Now Finnbogi did as follows. He walked out one winter's morning (this happened during the heroic ages) with a club, a dagger, and a great coat, or at least with what corresponded to the latter. A full-grown bear, endowed with, what all bears have the credit of, six men's strength, twelve men's wit, and appetite to match, happened to come athwart him. They looked at each other for some time, when at last Finnbogi said to the bear, *come on*. Bruin shook his head as if he did not half like his customer. Hereupon Finnbogi threw away his dagger, and said again, *come on*. Evident reluctance on the part of the animal. Finnbogi then threw away his club; still the bear thought himself overmatched. At last the hero cast off his garments. His enemy was no longer afraid.

The contest was a hard one. Finnbogi, however, won, as he ought to do, having peeled for the occasion.

Such bears, as these are humane as well as strong. They use their twelve-man power of intellect as they ought to do. There is a man living in the district of Nordland with a scar on his face, the print of a bear's paw, just like the footstep of the unknown extinct animal on the Sandstone of Hildershausen. This badge the proprietor has worn since the days of his youth. He is now an old man. He tumbled one day upon a bear's lair, and disturbed the little ones. Never was lion in the power of Mr. Van Amburgh more than he was in that of the bear. As he tells the story himself, the bear looked at him, paused, seemed to think whether the insult was malicious or accidental, slapped him on the face, left his hand-writing on his cheek, and turned away magnanimously.

The only animal that is in Norway protected by game-laws is the elk, the elephant of the North. The chief elk-walk is the boundary tract between Norway and Sweden. One morning I was called by my friend Daae to see one that had just been shot, by an Englishman, the son of Sir John Sebright, who was making a sporting tour in those inhospitable regions. The

circumstance evidently created a sensation, as multitudes flocked to see the animal. Though the beast was a young one, it was certainly much taller and not less bulky than a stout horse. Its antlers were not fully developed.

Those that love deer-stalking may have it to their hearts' content in the Hardanger range of mountains, where both the red and the reindeer abound. The Norwegians themselves prefer buying their flesh, to hunting for it. They are not a sporting nation.

What has been said of the rarity of bears applies equally to that of wolves. They are certainly more Londoners who have seen a fox in the state of nature, than there are inhabitants of Christiania who have seen a wolf. This difference, however, exists in respect to the relative scarcity of wolves and bears. When you see one wolf you will probably see more. Little danger need be apprehended from either one or the other. The bears, unless provoked, hungry, or on guard in behalf of their little-ones, are seldom unfriendly. When they are so they are formidable opponents. In swimming, climbing, punning, or wrestling, the chances are that they will be more than a match for you. The wolves are abstinent, from the less laudable motive of fear. There is a belief that they are afraid to go

*under* anything. For instance, they would not run under a gallows for the sake of reaching some one on the other side. Again it is supposed that if you drag something at the end of a pretty long rope behind your sledge or carriage, they will keep their distance. All these things I give upon hearsay.

Twice in my walks I put up the great cock-of-the-wood, a black big grouse, as large as a turkey-cock, the prince of the Norwegian forests. A legion of pheasants would not have made more whirring in getting up, than did these single birds. They used to be found in Scotland, but are now extinct. A ship-load was sent over some years ago to the London market, but the speculation has not been repeated. Attempts are now being made to re-introduce them in the British islands, where they may replace the almost extinct bustard.

I am not the first traveller that has remarked the great scarcity of singing-birds in Norway, indeed of birds of any sort, with the exception of ducks, auks, divers, and such like aquatics. Of these there is a great variety. The chief representative of the feathered part of the creation is the Royston crow. Royston crows may be seen any where and every where. In the neighbourhood of Moss I heard a jay, and in a cage at Laurvig I saw a goldfinch, which I was told was not an exotic. To more than this

the deponent testifieth not. What can you look for in a country where there are no hedges? There are no hedges in Norway. There are no well-ordered rows of hips and haws. All that a bird could pick out of an enclosure would be moss and turpentine. The fields are not separated from each other, as in the neighbourhood of Oxford, by stone-walls; nor, as in the isle of Ely, by fen ditches; nor as in Ireland, by turf banks; nor as elsewhere, by thorn hedges; but, as in Sweden and Finland and all the regions north of the Baltic, by deal planks. These are placed with one end in the ground and the other about four feet above it, sloped at an acute angle, packed one above another, and tied or nailed, at intervals of about six feet, to strong stakes. I can say nothing to the merits of this peculiar kind of fence in respect to its durability or economy. It affects the general face of the country less than might be imagined *à priori*, since in the hilly districts fencing of any kind is rather the exception than the rule.

There are foxes that you may get for *shooting* at, and hares that you may track in the snow. The ptarmigan that fill the market-place in the winter-time are generally snared, and come from a distance. The supply of them is exceedingly variable; at one time they are five times dearer than they are at another. I enter

upon these matters that my readers may not imagine that because bears are natives of the north, they are therefore rife in Norway, and that they may not equip themselves with dogs and guns and shooting-gear, which are more likely to turn out incumbrances than helps. There is game no doubt, but it is spread over a wide tract of country. The foreigner will scarcely find it for himself, and the natives are no good hands at helping him.

In fishing he may succeed better. If he does not, he will have nothing to accuse but his own want of skill. I know many Englishmen who have caught trout and salmon, but none who have shot grouse and cappercaillie. Few or none of the streams flow over level ground. They are almost all mountain rills, with an infinitude of cascades and falls.

Here, where no lord preserves, and no poacher trespasses, you may take trout from the morning until eventide. A wise man will rather take with him his fishing-rod than his fowling-piece. The trout are small and well-flavoured, their flesh being almost as high-coloured as that of a salmon. Carp, perch, and large pike, are to be found in the lakes.

Whatever the Norwegian Bonde holds he holds as his own, *jure optimo*. There never

was any feudalism in Norway. There has never been liegemanhip. The proprietor is neither tied up to a superior, nor tied down by entails. Every man is his own landlord. He has nothing above him but the sky, and nothing beneath him but the antipodes. The immense woods are in a measure, and to a certain extent, common. No one looks after them. The fir-tree grows upon them as naturally as the hair grows on a man's head. The aspen, and ash, and birch, are intermixed. The oak appears more rarely, the beech scarcely at all. On the cold moist grounds grows the alder. At the back of Jomfrue Braaten it grew in great abundance, and beneath its shade a variety of campanulas, the harebell and the throat-wort. Of flowers that are not found in Great Britain the hepatica was the commonest. It grew on the sides of all the hills, mixed with the common purple ling or its white variety. Of the plants that were scarce in England was the cotoneaster, and the monkshood. Whole hill-sides were covered with the spiked speedwell and its beautiful blue flowers. Later in the year, the St. Johnswort comes into flower, with its accredited tonic qualities. It is a favourite ingredient in what is called the bitter draught, *i. e.*, brandy bitters, prepared *extempore*. This is held to be a sovereign remedy after a debauch,

a hair of the dog that bit you. I cannot say that I have ever experienced any good effects from it. You look in vain for the old faces of many of our commoner weeds, the daisy and the nettle. When Linnæus first saw a fox-cover, he is said to have fallen on his knees and burst out into tears; so beautiful did seem to him the rich golden blossoms set off by the dark green leaf. Verily he would have viewed Leicestershire with the raptures of a fox-hunter. Neither the Fauna nor the Flora of Norway lie on the surface. There is a multiplicity of individual trees and plants, rather than a variety of species. If you wish for the rarer specimens, you must look for them. They have *latitats*, rather than *habitats*. The same may be said of the insects and animals. The very minerals themselves are not more retiring. In the natural course of things (always excepting the water-birds) I saw only an adder, a blind-worm, a few squirrels, an Apollo butterfly (*Doris Apollo*), and a painted lady (*Cynthia cardui*). A pig ate the adder, and I caught the butterfly. These same Apollos are heavy-flying animals. I saw my friend three days running before I caught him, and always within a few yards of the same spot.

## CHAPTER VII.

Visit of the Crown Prince—His reception—A review—  
Dissolution of the Storting.

THE Crown Prince of Sweden—the eldest son of Carl Johann, or of Charles XIV., formerly Marshal Bernadotte of the French army,—the heir apparent to the thrones of Norway and Sweden, the head of the Swedish navy, and the colonel of a regiment of guards in the army, the occupier of the royal residence of Drottenheim, or the home of the kings, husband to the daughter of Eugene Beauharnois, and Viceroy of the United Kingdom of Norway, was, in the year 1833, taking a tour of his western dominions, more especially Norway, and the cities belonging thereto; just as George IV., ὁ Μακαρίτης, visited Scotland and the sister isle of Erin. This vice-regal visit was no more than what was just and proper, considering that in section xi. of the Norwegian Constitution, it is specially and expressly enjoined, that either the king, or his vice-

roy, shall pass a given number of months in each year in the said kingdom of Norway: all this being in strict conformance with the ancient customs of the country. King Erik, some time before the Norman conquest, made a circuit of his dominions, a regal visitation, and his successors did the same. Now the Crown Prince had hitherto gone into residence by proxy; he had had a sub vice-roy as deputy under him. Men like to see the faces of their rulers, so that the Prince's visit was unanimously welcomed.

Prince Oscar, who, when he is King of Sweden, will be the first of that name, is a dark, well-formed man, with military whiskers, and a dash of the Hebrew in his physiognomy. Dark means swarthy. You may see by the black curls of his hair, and his olive complexion, that he is no true son of the North. Few men of royal blood have a more intelligent look: he has less *embon-point* than you would expect to find, if he were a true legitimate. Barring the French money in Napoleon's time, the crown-piece, whereon he shall *stamp an image of himself*, will be the wisest-looking of its cotemporary coinage. He sits on a horse, as his coat sits on him—well. The vice-regal dress consisted of blue regimentals, with gold ornaments; the shape of his hat, and the colour of the feather in it, has, with

other matters of equal importance, escaped the author's memory. Whether, too, he wore jack-boots, like Charles XII., or Hessians, like the potentates of Germany, he is unable to affirm. At any rate his tailor did him justice, and he returned the compliment. He was a well-dressed, good-looking man. Such as travel in Norway may see his portrait, with that of his wife, lithographed, framed and glazed, in half the houses of the country; I had almost said over half the chimneypieces. Such things, however, are non-existent in that region of stoves and wood-fuel.

You would not do wrong in measuring the extent of his popularity by the ubiquity of the pictures of him. He is generally well spoken of. I heard much in his favour, and nothing against him. Those that love his father, love him also; whilst many are attached to him who are disaffected towards the reigning monarch.

Disaffection means two things; either dislike towards the union with Sweden altogether, and a hankering after the flesh-pots of Denmark, or personal disapprobation of the king's mode of procedure. Those who say the harshest things of him accuse him of being suspicious, and of patronizing *espionage* where he can do so; of being willing, moreover, to cut down the liberties to a legitimate level. Thus, he twice put his

veto upon the abolition of the hereditary aristocracy, a measure which was eventually carried in spite of him.

Prince Oscar began his circuit in Sweden. When the steamer, on its way from Copenhagen to Christiania, put in at that town, and landed us for an hour or two, we found the streets unusually full of company; the throng upon them being apparently bent upon pleasure, rather than on traffic. German-looking huntsmen, in green dresses, and on black horses, were collecting in different parts of the city. There are two kinds of Nimrods; those that hunt in scarlet, as in England, and those that hunt in green, as elsewhere. The Swedish retinue were of the latter description. The Prince was going a-hunting; perhaps he meant to visit the Falls of Trollhatta, on the Gotha-elv, the grand point of Swedish scenery, on his way.

From Gottenburg he came to Christiania. The newly-built steamer, the Crown Prince, his namesake, being devoted to his accommodation, and the regular fares being stopped for the occasion. He landed on the quay in the afternoon. All the town turned out to welcome him. On the landing-place was erected triumphal arches of fir boughs, with flowers intermixed. Garlands were hung from the windows of the neighbouring

houses. He was received at first with a long, loud cheer—continuous, hearty, and enthusiastic, and then by a succession of *minor* huzzas, repeated not seldomer than three-times-three, if not as often as three-times-twenty-seven, the orthodox number of cheers in the North. From the quay he was conducted to the vice-regal palace.

At night there was an illumination. Lights were up in all the windows, and there was holloaing in proportion, but no tumult. The main streets were as crowded as if it were a fair.

Never were demonstrations more freely, and, it may be added, more sincerely exhibited. At Bergen, it was the same: he met with as rapturous a reception at the mercantile, as he found at the court capital.

What he would, in his capacity of head of the Swedish navy, more especially have to look to, and feel interested in, *viz.* the state of the shipping, and the discipline of the naval cadets, he would find not at Christiania, but at Fredericsværn; the dock-yard and arsenal of Norway at the entrance of the firth. However, the military school was at Christiania, and several troops were also stationed there, and, as colonel of a Swedish regiment, he held a review.

The spot chosen was a hilly, open field,

skirted by straggling pieces of wood, on the left of the road to Moss, overlooking the town. Here the troops were brought out, and after firing and performing evolutions for an hour or two, were dismissed with the approbation of His Royal Highness, who expressed himself well satisfied with the discipline and training of his soldiers. The artillery were especially lauded. The rough little Norwegian horses, half pony and half galloway, as hardy as the rocks that they scampered over, and as sure-footed as the mules of the Pyrenees, dashed off the flying artillery, up hill and down hill, through the brushwood of the coppices, and in and out of the standing wood, in gallant style, cannonading away, like Parthians, in their flight. It was a fine day, and, with the exception of a single accident, that happened to some poor person, and gave the Prince an opportunity of doing an act of kindness, all things went off well.

Three of four days were thus passed by the Prince. After making some excursions in the neighbourhood, receiving addresses, as in due form they were presented to him by the town and the university, and giving more than one dinner to his loyal subjects, he wound up by inviting all the world to a ball, and by dissolving the Storting (parliament).

I have but little experience in Norway balls in general, and none of the Prince's in particular. There is nothing Norwegian equivalent to the Morning Post. The beauty and fashion that was present went away unrecorded. The dresses were no more heard of. There were no announcements as to who danced with who, and whom his Royal Highness delighted to honour. There was no excess of exclusiveness. Consuls and consuls' wives, and all families holding offices, were not excluded because they kept a shop, and retailed tobacco; whilst professional men, even if they held no office, had access. It could scarcely be otherwise in a city like Christiania. Her present Majesty might just as well have taken exceptions to her company in Guildhall, as Prince Oscar might have made objections to dancing under the same roof with a tradesman. *Small by degrees, and beautifully less*, are, in Norway, the gradations between the wholesale and the retail; between the merchant and the shopkeeper. What is a shop but a warehouse, with the goods in the window; or a warehouse but a shop, with the same behind the door? A shop is a warehouse, *à priori*.

At a ball I was at in Laurvig, the only public one which I attended during my stay, the gentlemen in the card-room smoked. I

presume that elsewhere things were done more decorously. Nay, they *must* have been so, since at Christiania, the Athens of Norway, pre-eminent for its refinement, smoking at balls has been for some years exploded, even on ordinary occasions. How much more would such an abomination to royal nostrils be eschewed under the nose of Viceroy.

The Odels-ting is the Norwegian House of Commons, the Lag-ting is its House of Lords, or to speak more accurately, the Odels-ting, and the Lag-ting are Lower, and the Upper Houses to each other, respectively. The detail of their powers and duties may be seen at full in sections lxxiv of the Constitution in Volume II. of this work. The collective name, included the two, is Stor-ting, or the Great Assembly. They sit in Christiania ; both in one house. The Storting-House is a plain house, boasting of no ornaments beyond that of a Doric portico. The Odels-ting and Lag-ting sit in different chambers. Both however on the first floor. The Odels-ting chamber is rather long than broad, and the benches for the members are ranged in a semi-circle lengthways. The President's chair faces them in the middle. There cannot be more than a few feet between it and the bottom bench. Behind the benches and in front of the

President's chair, is a gallery for the public. All the world may go up to it, without either paying fees to a door-keeper, or having to present a member's order. Behind this, and between it and the entrance on the top of the stairs hangs a green-baize curtain. Three hundred lookers on would fill the whole gallery. The chamber of the Lag-ting adjoins, and besides these two are half a score smaller ones for the accommodation of committees. Derwent Conway says that Stortings-men from the country provinces were not above appearing at the great assembly in the costume of their district, and that members might be seen, like the Cincinnati of old, not only fresh from the plough, but in their yeoman's dress, the Vadmel coat, and red waistcoat. He mentions as a proof of the primitive simplicity of these Northern legislators, that the landed interest was represented by men in the landsman's dress. Mr. Laing takes exceptions to this statement, and says that such is not the case, that *all* the members are dressed like the rest of the world. Now the assertion both of Derwent Conway and Mr. Laing is true. In the time of the earlier visitant men *did* legislate in their provincial costume; in the time of the later one they did *not*. The change from Vadmel to broad cloth took place in the interim. My

own visit to Norway was a year previous to Mr. Laing's, and I cannot say that I remember seeing any representative to put me in mind of the primitive democrats of Switzerland legislating in red and grey, ornamented with silver. That such things, however, had very lately been the case, I was most distinctly given to understand.

The members of the Storting are *paid*. Sixteen dollars (three and tenpence to the dollar) a month is their allowance. On this they may live well. Such as economise, manage to save money. They are for the most part distributed in lodgings over the town. There are no town-houses. During the month of July the M. P.s formed a full third of the diners at the Hôtel du Nord. Another third at least being made up by English travellers. The questions that are principally discussed are financial rather than constitutional. The currency question is the most important point. On no other subject is the House so entirely divided.

The speeches are read. No one makes very long ones. However much the garb of the provinces has been laid aside, there is plenty of the dialect retained. I assert this upon trust, when I was in the habit of attending the debate I was unable to understand them.

The time, however, was come for their disso-

lution. They had done their work. Their pay was to be stopped, though journey-money was to be allowed for taking them home. The Prince took the president's chair. The members stood before him. I forget whether they wore their hats or were uncovered. The Viceroy's speech was short. Where the sovereign of Great Britain would say, *My Lords and Gentlemen*, Prince Oscar said, *I Norske Mænd, Ye Men of Norway*. Further than this I heard not, or if I heard, failed in understanding.

## CHAPTER VIII.

My friends and acquaintance in Norway—English travellers—  
Natural-historical walks in the neighbourhood of Christiania  
—Notes on the Flora and Fauna of Norway.

FIRST and foremost, in point of time, of the many good friends that I found in Norway, was Kjobmand Walter, a native, with a cross of English blood in his veins, now no longer a benedict in Christiania, but a family man in Hamburg, whose acquaintance I made on board the steam vessel, and through whose kindness I was introduced to the hospitable house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Dubourg, the French Vice-Consul. In later times he took upon himself the hazardous charge of relieving such of my financial difficulties as, in the very natural course of things, arose during my residence of nine months where I originally purposed spending but six weeks. For all this, and for innumerable other kind offices and good services he has my sincerest thanks and acknowledgments.

And after Walter (I calculate chronologically) the next who found me a stranger, and by his friendship made me feel at home, was Ludvig Daae, the most stoical of men, and the most abstinent of Norwegians. One fine evening during the first week of my stay I walked up from the city to Jomfrue Braaten (then my habitation in prospective), with two of my countrymen, Mr. Stead and Mr. Kent, where I saw for the first time my future authority upon Norwegian matters, and after some conversation with him fixed upon the determination of making myself one of his fellow lodgers, at least during the summer time. Very kindly and very patiently did he instil into me the first rudiments of Norse, and with signal fortitude did he endure long dialogues in the same; his merit in this matter being enhanced by the circumstance of his being thoroughly acquainted with English. Few and far between are the men who will keep in abeyance knowledge of any kind, least of all will they throw in the back ground familiarity with a foreign language. Much and varied knowledge of things philological was possessed by this same Ludvig Daae; and bold views both on points ecclesiastical and points political did he entertain. Very plainly did he occasionally speak out in the columns of the *Morgenblad* (the Morning

paper). He was, as I found out, when I knew him better, a warmer admirer of England and the English than he cared to confess to an Englishman; indeed, he often took a malicious pleasure in drawing out my patriotic predilections, in defence of what he chose to consider blots upon our national shield. The worst of it was too, that as he knew more history than I did, he had generally the best of the argument.

With Daae and Walter, I had the more especial familiarity. During my whole stay I saw them both daily, their time being of less value than that of the married men. These latter you visited with more form, and at less familiar intervals. *Their* kindness too was such as I shall ever feel grateful for. The earliest of them, Professor Lundh, is alas! beyond the reach of my thanks. To him indirectly, as the only person to whom I carried a letter of introduction, I consider that I owe much of the hospitality which was shown on the side of his friends. Directly, however, to the families of Messel, Thomason, and Dubourg, do I here testify my gratitude for all the kindness that I experienced from them, and record my heartfelt recollection of it.—*Venskabets Skaal!*

I am not yet familiar with any thing beyond the surface of things Norwegian. My first week

is scarcely over. The description of my visit to Jomfrue Braaten was a *prolepsis*. The reader must go back as if he were in Ariosto. I have dined perhaps half-a-dozen times at the hotel, and once at a set party at Lector Messel's. I have talked, perhaps, rather more than my share, but it has been with my own countrymen, with Mr. Stead, my fellow traveller, and an old visitor of Norway, or with Captain Henvy, R.N., who seems to have been everywhere. There are just twenty-two Englishmen in the place. Who, unless he be a hater of his fellow-countrymen, will do much in Norwegian before their departure? Of these not less than four are from one school, and twice as many from one university. Many of them are actually M. P.s in the Lower, or heirs to seats in the Upper House. The Crown Prince delighteth to honour them. There are more lords and honourables at the ball in Christiania, than there would be in a provincial one at home; unless, indeed, it wanted but a short time to a general election. Of the names of Norwegian travellers, the red-book containeth a large proportion. Of these the Duke of Devonshire was cheated, and the Marquis of Londonderry has appeared in print.

As Norway has had its share of our titled travellers, so has it been visited by several per-

sons eminent in other respects. Dr. E. D. Clarke, the traveller, *par éminence*, wrote an interesting account of its society in the time of Kammerherr Anker. Reginald Heber was another of Scandinavia's illustrious visitors; he narrowly escaped writing a book upon what he saw there, and publishing some poetical effusions inspired by the awful magnificence of the Fie-field, or the gloomy solitudes of Dovre. Again, Sir Humphrey Davy sailed over one summer, caught salmon, and took notes upon the coppering of ship-bottoms. Earlier than any of these, was the celebrated authoress of the *Rights of Woman*, Mary Wolstonecraft, who seems to have thrown a good deal of unnecessary compassion on what she chooses to call the miserable condition of the people. Female travellers are rather fastidious in their notions of civilization. They too often confuse it with refinement. Had Mrs. Wolstonecraft landed in Lapland, instead of in Norway, she could have been more condescendingly compassionate. The Norwegian was then, as he is now, on a par with his cotemporaries *in the essentials*.

There is no native hereditary aristocracy. Those that held titles in 1821, were allowed to retain them during their lives; but not to transmit them to their sons after their demise. The

noble is now mixed with commoner, and has become a mule—unable to continue his species.

The illumination is over, the Storting is dissolved, and the prince is on his way to Bergen. His steamer has a fair voyage. The sea is at the smoothest, and the land is looking its best. His Royal Highness has chosen a good time for visiting his dominions. The city thins. The M. P.s are going home. They live no longer on the fat of the land gratuitously. Some have about sixteen hundred miles to go; for instance, those that represent the fishing interest from Finmark, on the edges of Lapland. They have bad roads, I guess, to the north of Drontheim, and there is, as yet, no steam-vessel to Hammerfest. It will be dark before some of them get home. Not a simple nocturnal darkness, but a half-year's growth of sable shades. The post performs the journey from the southern to the northern extremities of the kingdom in a somewhat less time than a letter takes in going from Edinburg to the West Indies. Talk of the Orkney representation being far removed from the centre of action, what shall we say of that of the Finmarks, or Tromsoes?

The work of the city is ended.

To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new.

The morrow is come, and I have a lesson in

natural history to take. Mr. Forbes, a native of the Isle of Man, and a student of medicine in Edinburg, where he has since been elected Secretary to the Botanical Society, having grounded his claim to his office upon his knowledge of the Floras and the Faunas of many lands (that, amongst others of Carniola), and who is just now surveying, with a naturalist's eye, the southern part of Norway, is kind enough to give me one. We are to sail out to-day, and walk out to-morrow. His travelling companion, Mr. Campbell, stays at home. He prefers the human face divine, to the sight of hills and woods,—the town, to the country,—talking with his fellow-men, to hunting after dumb animals, or dumber vegetables. To-day we sail. Luckily our boatman speaks English, (in a way) for devil of a sentence of Norse can either of us manage to tack together. We bend our course to the head islet (*Hovedoe*) of the firth. Here we ought to have found, what is in Norway a great rarity, *viz.* an ecclesiastical antiquity, the ruins of a Cistercian monastery, founded A. D. 1148. This was either not found, or if found, forgotten, at least by myself. In my own mind, I have a strong suspicion that we hit upon the wrong island. The great object of our landing was the collection of samples of

one of the rarer Veronicas, which the islet *Hovedoe* has the credit of producing in abundance. Now this same plant grew generally elsewhere, and I imagine that after we had found it, the Cistercians were left to themselves. That day I was told of many things geological, many things zoological; how the weather-beaten rocks, and the islets of the firth were of porphyry, and how some red-coloured stones, like frozen currant-jelly, that we grubbed out of a chasm near the bathing-places, were garnets; how Hedemarken was the best part of Norway for organic remains, and how, in the same district, the birth of the child generally preceded the marriage of the mother; how Professors Hansteen, and Esmarck, and Keilhau, as astronomers, mineralogists, and geologists, were much greater men than we imagined them to be in England; in other words, that we were gloriously ignorant of what was done in way of the natural history by the fellow-subjects of Linnaeus. We provided ourselves with viands upon starting, and after dining upon one of the islets, returned in the evening laden with spoils from the vegetable kingdom, trophies from unknown *habitats*, credentials of the discovery of unexplored localities.

The next day was devoted to harder opera-

tions. We had seven miles to walk before the commencement of operations, and after that four hundred feet of hill to ascend. One Norwegian (seven English) mile on the Drammen road, began a tract of limestone with fossils in it. And a little beyond this was to be found the Helix —? Between the allurements of the snail, and the fascinations of the fossil, we were tempted to make a day of it, and a very warm day it was. We started early, but without having taken the precaution to carry our own provender with us. Let no man hereafter neglect this necessary point of self-maintenance.

As far as the chance of finding a dinner at the stations in Norway is concerned, he may as well look for a supper in the station-house in England. In the matter of pot-luck you can put as little trust in a peasant, as you can in a prince. Forbes and myself walked till past noon, and after scrambling up some sundry crags, sometimes to be gratified, occasionally to turn back disappointed, we found ourselves beyond the first station, having overshot the mark, but not outwalked our appetite. After several ineffectual inquiries as to the whereabouts of the *Gæstgiver* (pronounced *Jestyeever*), or host, we found ourselves before a raw fitch of bacon, some black bread, and a jug of the smallest ale.

There was nothing to complain of in all this; we eat up our viands with an appetite, only it would have been better, as more in accordance with the Norwegian ways of travelling, to have brought something with us. We ascended the hills, and hammered at the marble, abundant in corals. A little higher up the firwood grew thick, and dark. On the top it had been cleared away. The felled trunks were piled upon the highest point of the hill, a common custom. A couple of grouse rose immediately under our feet, and a painted lady (*Cynthia cardui*), wondering at the high level it was flying at, was flirting with the cloud-berry plants (*Moltebær*), which grew in profuse abundance on the summit, and which served as a dessert, better than the bacon had done for a dinner. From an opposition top of the same hill (for like Parnassus it was double-headed), the town and firth of Christiania was seen stretched out as on a map. "It was just here," observed, my companion, as it grew dark, "where Von Buch heard the growling of a bear." Did he? thought I—a pleasant reminiscence.

We followed an irregular channel of dark-coloured water, until it brought us to a turn on the side of the hill, overhung with the alder and fir, and fringed with the milkwort and sundew;

their blue and white flowers respectively being in full blow. We took a short cut in our descent, which savoured somewhat of the perpendicular. Wearied and foot-sore, with a sack-full of limestone corals at our backs, equally valuable (as we found out afterwards) either as geological specimens, or as materials for road making, we reached Christiania at midnight, and encountered for the first time the watchmen with their morning-star, which—

“ When it falls it falls like Lucifer.”

I am happy to hear from my companion in these two excursions, of whom, I have till lately, lost sight, that he looks back with no less pleasure than I do myself to our Floral and Faunal rambles on the Egeberg, and our voyages from the Hovedoe to Christiania, and from Christiania to the Hovedoe.

\* \* \* \* \*

The remark of the traveller as to the scarcity of animated objects in Norway is fully borne out by the observations of the Naturalist. Such as have professedly looked after birds and beasts have found a difficulty in discovering them. Hear what Mr. Hewitson says, in the Journal of Natural History, in respect to the Ornithology of Norway. The party found nothing in

abundance but black ants. No birds were general except the fieldfare, song-thrush, chaffinch and yellow-hammer. Even the commoner water-birds, such as the heron-gull, the puffin, and the eider-duck, were less numerous than they would have been in similar situations at home. Of four-footed beasts were found three foxes, a hare, a few squirrels, a rat, and a mouse. So much for the live animals that fell in their way. Here follows the list of what they had to search after before they found.

Golden and Cinereous Eagles,—Merlin, Buzzard (*Skiorvinge*), Harrier, Hobby, Kestrel (*Kirkefalk*),—Eagle (*Hornugle*), and Short-eared Owls.

Raven (*Korp*), Hooded Crow (*Krage*), Magpie (*Skiære*), Starling (*Stare*), Jay (*Skrika*—*Shrike*).

Fieldfare (*Fieldtrost*), Redwing (*Taletrost*), Song-Thrush (*Sangtrost*), Blackbird (*Sorttrost*), Ring-ouzel (*Ringtrost*), Water-ouzel (*Stromstær*, *Stream-starling*), or \**Elve Kongen* (the King of the river).

Swift (*Svartsulu*, *black swallow*), Swallow, House-martin (*Huussulu*), Sand-martin.

Two of the British Flycatchers (*Flug-fang*), Wheatear (*Stensquætte*), Whinchat—Redbreast

▪ This is also a name of the *Motacilla alba*.

(*Rodkielke*), Redstart (*Blodstiert*, \**Rodstiert*), Blue-throated Warbler (*Karlsfugl*), Sedge-warbler, Black-cap, White-throat, Chiff-chaff, Willow-wren, Golden-crested wren (*Kongsfugl*), Greater blue titmouse (*Kiodmeise*, *Talgoxe*), Marsh ditto (*Tete*, *Entilda*, Prov. Sw.: *Tomlinga*), Cole ditto, long-tailed ditto.

Pied Wagtail (*Elvekongen*, *Erle*, *Quickstiert*), *Motacilla neglecta*—Skylark—Meadow-rock-tree—Pipits—Yellow Hammer (*Skur*), Black-headed Bunting, Snow-bunting (*Sneespurre*, *Snow-sparrow*), Siskin, Lesser Redpole (*Graasike*), Green Linnet—Cross-bill (*Kor-snæb*), Parrot ditto.

Green Woodpecker (*Gronspik*), black ditto, Cuckoo (*Giog*).

Chaffinch (*Bogfinke*, *Beeck-finch*), House-sparrow, Gold-finch (*R. G. L.*).

Ptarmigan (*Rype*), Cock of the wood (*Urhane*, *Tiur*, *M. Roy. F.*), Tetrao *Saliceti*.

Corn-crake, Golden-Plover, Dotterel, Ring Plover (*Sandmuling*, *Sandsneppe*, *Sand-snipe*), Curlew, Whimbrel, Greenshank, Redshank, Ruff (*Brushane*), Dunlin, Purple Sandpiper, Oyster-catcher (*Kield*, *Strandskjure*), Turnstone (*Kutterutte*, *Tolk*, Interpreter, whence *Strepsilas Interpres*), Coot (*Vandhane*, *Waterhen*, *Blæsænd*).

• *Stiert*, means *Tail*.

Bean-geese—Velvet Scoter, Black Scoter, (*Svarta*), Wild-duck, Teal, Widgeon, Skel-drake (*Ring-gaas*, *Redbælte*), Long-tailed duck (*Havold*, *Havella*, *Haold*, and not *Harelda* as the word has been changed to in England), Golden-eye, Eider-duck, Goosander, red breasted Merganser, great Northern Diver (*Lomme*), red-throated ditto—black Guillemot, Puffin.

Arctic Tern (*Tærne*, *Soesvale*, *Sea swallow*), black-backed Gull (*Maage*, *Svart-bag*), Heron Gull, Kittiwake (*Rokkie*), Common Gull (*Hvid-maage*, white *Gull*), Arctic Skua (*Struntjager*, *κοπρόθηρης*), Lestris *Richardsonii*.

The Redwing passes for the nightingale of the North. It is the Bird of Night of the Scandinavian poets. The Merlins that Mr. Hewitson saw, built not on the ground, but on trees. The Hawks and the Eagle breed inland, and in the depths of the forest. They only appear in abundance when they are in pursuit of the Marmot in its migrations. The peasants consider the more sociable birds in the light of personal friends. They cut holes in their outhouses for the Starlings, and set cross-sticks under the eaves for the martins. The field-fares were observed to build in the spruce firs, not, however, alone, but in flocks.

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*Botanical Localities.*—*Papaver nudicaule*, *Saxifraga cæspitosa*, *Salix polaris* (two inches high), *Alopecurus ovatus*, *Hypnum cuspidatum*, *Mnium turgidum*, *Cetraria Islandica*, *Peltidea aphthosa*, &c. &c. &c. *Spitsbergen*; Keilhau's Travels—The number of Phanerogamous species in that island was twenty-six, of Cryptogamous, thirty-four.

*Cardamine*—? *Cochlearia*—? *Saxifraga cernua*, *Polygonum viviparum*, *Poa pratensis*, &c. &c. *Cherry Island*; *Ibid.*

*Ranunculus glacialis* (beginning where the birch ends, and found in the South of Norway 5200 feet above the level of the sea) *Caltha palustris*—*Cochlearia*—? *Angelica*—? *Silene acaulis*—*Cornus Suecica*—*Dryas octopetala*, *Rubus Chæmæmorus*, *Articus*—*Phaca frigida*, *Pisum maritimum*—*Pinguicula villosa*—*Droseræ*, two spec.:—*Azalea procumbens*, *Ledum palustre*, *Andromeda*—? *hypnoides*, *Erica vulgaris* (unexpected)—*Vaccinium uliginosum*—*Empetrum*—? *Trientalis*—? *Menyanthes*—? *Pedicularis Sceptrum Carolinum*—*Tussilago frigida*, *Farfara* (in flower May 6, along with *Alnus glutinosus*), *Sonchus Alpinus*—*Allium Schænoprasum*, &c. &c. &c. *Finmark*; in the neighbourhood of the North Cape.—*Ibid.*

*Ranunculus glacialis*, *pygmæus*, *hyperboreus* ;  
*Thalictrum simplex*—*Saxifraga rivularis*, *cernua*,  
*petræa*, *muscoïdes*—*Lychnis Alpina*, *dioica*—  
*Pyrola rotundifolia*, *chlorantha*—*Gentiana niva-*  
*lis*—*Androsace Septentrionalis* ; *Primula Scotica*  
 (described in the work from which these notices  
 are taken as *Primula farinosa*, verging upon the  
 variety *stricta*, but which the author has since  
 informed me is the true *P. Scotica*, found by  
 him for the first time out of Scotland, and now  
 growing in the Botanical Garden at Edinburg).  
 —*Polemonium cœruleum*—*Dracocephalum Ruy-*  
*schianum*, *Pedicularis Lapponica*—*Tamarix*  
*Germanica*—*Salix herbacea*, var. *polaris*—*Hiero-*  
*chloe Borealis*—*Eriophorum capitatum*—*Wood-*  
*sia Hyperborea*. *Guldbrandsdale*, in the neigh-  
 bourhood of Lomb ; Papers by E. Forbes, Esq.  
 in Loudon's Magazine of Natural History,  
 February, May, and June, 1835.

*Aconitum lycoctonum* (*Ulvedod*), — *Arabis*  
*Alpina*, *petræa*—*Cerastium Alpinum*, *aquati-*  
*cum* ; *Silene rupestris*—*Saxifraga Cotyledon*,  
 (*Bergkongen* — *King of the Rock*), *stellaris*,  
*cæspitosa*—*Astragalus Alpinus*—*Erigenon acris*  
 —*Menziesia cœrulea*—*Veronica Saxatilis*, *Al-*  
*pina* ; *Bartsia Alpina*—*Verbascum nigrum*—  
*Asperugo procumbens*—*Sedum album* (rare)—

*Phleum Alpinum* — *Carex recurva*. *Base of the Glaciers of Folgefund near Bergen* (at their respective altitudes); *Ibid.*

*Nymphæa alba* (*Sjoblomster, Flower of the Lake, — Vandblomster, Flower of the Water, — Vandgass, Water-goose*), *Galium verum* (*Guul-maur, Jomfrue Mariæ Senghalm — Miss Mary's bed-straw*). The peasants make out of this plant a dye for their own use. *Alchemilla Alpina* (*Fieldkaape*); *Rubris Chæmæmorus* (*Moltebær*) — *Arctostaphylos Alpinus*; *Oxy-coccus palustris*; *Vaccinium Vitis Idæa*; *Andromeda polifolia* — *Lysimachia nummularia* (*Pengeblad, Pengeurt — Money blade, Money wort*) — *Linum catharticum* (*Purgelin*) — *Senecio Jacobæa* (rare) — *Gymnadenia conopsea* — *Carex leucoglochis* — *Lycopodium* (*Ulvefod*) *Selago*. About Bergen, rainy beyond the other parts of Norway; *Ibid.*

*Campanula persicifolia, ranunculus — Viola mirabilis. Hedemarken. — Ibid.* And, as part of the Fauna, *Clausilia obtusa*.

*Actæa spicata* (*Paddebær — Toadberry*), *Aquilegia vulgaris* (*Akeleie*) — *Lychnis viscaria* (*Tiærurt — Tarwort, Begurt — Pitch-wort*); *Silene nutans* — *Sedum annuum* — *Scleranthus perennis* (different from the English plant so called) — *Linnæa Borealis*; *Viburnum Opulus* —

Rhamnus Frangula — Lysimachia thyrsiflora (*Bondguppel*); Trientalis (*Vintergront*) Europæa—Pyrola uniflora (*Ojengræs*); — Ajuga pyramidalis—Polygonum viviparum—Orobis niger, vernus; Vicia sylvatica — Hypochæris maculata; Hieracium dubium—Salix fusca—Maianthemum biflorum—Convallaria Majalis *Arendhal*: *Ibid.* Fragments of the Fauna. Anomala horticola; Cetonia aurata? Rhagium inquisitor; Buprestis quadrimaculata—Helix hortensis, hispida—Cingula ulvæ, rupestris. (nova species?)—Nerita litoralis—Trochus cinerarius—Mya arenaria—Cardium edule—Mytilus edulis—Venus exoleta, aurea, pullastra—Cytherea exoleta—Anatina compressa—Buccinum reticulatum.

Sedum Anglicum—Viola lancifolia—Lobelia Dortmanna — Digitalis purpurea (*Fingerhat*, *Rævebielde*—*Fox-bell*); Ajugæ Alpina? Pyrola media—Arnica montana—Glaux maritima (*Melkurt*)—Convallaria verticillata—Juncus Bottnicus—Scirpus maritimus—Lycopodium inundatum.—*Christiansand*; *Ibid.*

Eryngium maritimum—Anagallis arvensis—Euphorbia palustris. *Zisterland*; *Ibid.*

Orobis sylvaticus—Habenaria albida. *Egersund*; *Ibid.* Collected at midnight 800 feet above the level of the sea. Here end the printed

notices of my friend, Mr. Forbes, on the Flora of Norway. The following list of plants that grow in the neighbourhood of Christiania (with the exception of a few additions, coming few and far between, of my own) is an extract from a private letter.

*Caltha palustris*, *Aconitum Lycoctonum* (R. G. L.), *Hepatica triloba* — *Lepidium ruderales* — *Dianthus deltoides* — *Impatiens noli me tangere* — *Melilotus officinalis*, *leucantha* (confined to a single islet in the firth) — *Cotoneaster vulgaris* — *Drosera*? — *Polygala vulgaris* (in a tarn on a woody hill on the road to Drammen) — *Hypericum quadrangulare* — *Euphorbia palustris* — *Salicornia herbacea*; *Chenopodium Bonus Henricus* (R. G. L.) — *Borago officinalis*; *Anchusa* — ? — (R. G. L.); *Cuscuta Europæa* (R. G. L.) — *Campanula Trachelium* (R. G. L.) — *Lysimachia vulgaris* — *Inula salicifolia*; *Aster Tripolium*; *Artemisia campestris*; *Anthemis cotula* — *Veronica maritima*, *hybrida* — *Leonurus cardiaca* — *Alnus glutinosus* (R. G. L.) — *Cypripedium calceolus* — (*Frueskoe* — *Ladies shoe*, as much sought after in Norway as it is in England) — *Paris quadrifolia* — *Triglochin palustris* (rare).  
Near Holmestrand, — *Osmunda Struthiopteris*.

## CHAPTER IX.

Residence at Jomfrue Braaten—Norwegian bread—Punch and tobacco—Introduction to Wergeland—Candidates—An academical debauch—Road to Eidsvold—Punsch and Pige—Eidsvold.

THE latter part of July, and the beginning of August, I passed easily and quietly with my friends on the Egeberg. The party consisted of six or eight students, equally distributed in the respective faculties of medicine, law, theology, and philology. It was only with those of the latter department that I was enabled to have much commerce, during the mornings and forenoons. According to the laudable practice of the Christiania students of always doing something, the others (although it was full vacation time, when no lectures were going on) passed the greater part of their day in the city, engaged in tuition, or in attendance upon some of the courts or government offices. Although all private libraries in Norway are small,

and, of course, those of a farm-house more particularly so, there was no lack of books. The varied nature of the pursuits of my fellow-lodgers ensured me against any deficiency on the score of literature. So did the access which I had to the public library, obtained on the surety and responsibility of mine host of the Hôtel du Nord.

I had no reason to complain of the contractedness of my apartments. Of all the good things in Norway, building-ground and wood are the cheapest. Thus the rooms run large. You might dine a party of four-and-twenty in the chamber wherein I slept. The furniture was scarcely correspondent. The smooth side of a fir-plank served for the paper-hangings; which were lit up by three windows, looking out on the garden. The garden, not too elaborately dressed, nor cut out into parterres of ingenious formality, grew gooseberries, currants, and raspberries in abundance, with here and there a morella cherry tree. Rarer fruits than these there were none; although apricots, in some parts, grew in the open air. Strawberries no one cultivates. They are as plenty as blackberries on every hill, and along each wood-side; and where the strawberries are not, there the cranberries and bilberries are.

Perhaps, for a winter residence the room might be somewhat *too* airy, considering there was but one stove to warm it, and that there was not (as is the case in the towns) a duplicity of windows. However, this I did not stay to try. I imagine that in cold nights of December it was reserved for the Christmas festivities, as the *salon de danse*. Be this as it may, the time passed away as I could have wished it. Up in the morning early to breakfast, and for a look at the sea, before sitting down to it. This was naturally a social meal, and would have been one, had we all kept time. It was meant to be eaten, not by our respective bedsides, but in the dining-room, by the party *en masse*. There was, however, no fear of the tea being cold for the sluggards. Cream by the tureen, and strawberries by the peckful were the chief viands, the substantials corresponding.

There is no harm in the Norwegian bread, for all its blackness, and, notwithstanding what writers say about its being adulterated with fir-bark. When you have it at its best it is made of rye, and is dark, sweet and wholesome, as rye-bread ought to be. The turpentine flavour is the exception. It only occasionally smacks of saw-dust. I found it somewhat gritty now and then in the post-houses. If this arose from

an admixture of unbolted bran, the furfuraceous deposits must have been considerably indurated. To all this there is one consolation. The worse the bread the shorter is the time it remains with you. Nevertheless what is said about the fir-wood admixture, and that in a large proportion, during *times of scarcity*, is strictly true. I humbly submit to the country-gentlemen whether a slight dash of pulverized shavings for the home consumption would not be an improvement upon Corn-law agitation.

Dinner at one P. M. This is a genteel time; and only an hour earlier than the hotel hours. The afternoon was the great time for our walks, social or solitary. At supper we met again.

Had I lived in the city, I should scarcely have seen more new faces. There was seldom a meal but what some one's guest and visitor partook of it. The Storting was sitting, and we were honoured with the presence of more than one of its members. Some from the cities, some from the towns. No one sat in state to receive company. Such as wanted might find us stretched our lazy lengths on the grass-plat before the house, in herds or rather heaps. If it was cool we had our coats on, if warm we dispensed with them. Slouch straw-hats that out-shadowed a parasol, or a ladies bonnet as it used to be, and

which would scarcely pass through our degenerate entries, not too jauntily put on, served for sun-screens. There was more of the *otium* than the *dignitas*. The swinked peasants, for it was now the beginning of the harvest, were scarcely less elaborately equipped.

One hears of the drunkenness of the northern nations; and the reader of the pages forthcoming may, perhaps, discover that we were scarcely tea-totallers. When drinking went on, it went on, as it ought to do, in company with your friends and neighbours. There was no tippling, no solitary suction. We did not even here habitually drink our wine (or its equivalent in punch or spirits) after dinner. Puffing out, and not taking in, was the rule. Of smoking there was no lack. Time might have been computed by our pipes. At Copenhagen you have but one kind of tobacco; *viz.* such as is grown in St. Thomas. Things were managed better in Norway.

When I went to see the public library, for the first time, it was in the dog-days. Two or three Professors, and the Librarian, were with me. On reaching the anti-room, the whole party stopped and—put on their academical investments? No—took off their coats. I could scarcely help imagining the contrast to the system in

Cambridge, and picturing to myself the somewhat abnormal appearance of the Vice-Chancellor and three learned Professors parading the public library, as they lionized some erudite foreigner, or female *savante*, in their shirts. Man was made for higher things than the wearing of black coats in the dog-days.

Between Sweden and Norway, in the district of Solers, live some Finlanders, whom I had formed the notion of visiting; a notion, however, that was not accomplished. Had I done so, my friend Daae was to have given me a letter of introduction to the clergyman's family at Eidsvold, about forty miles (English) from Christiania, and on the road to the place in point, Finskoven. Finskoven, however, like Ringerige by myself, and Yarrow by a better man, remained unvisited. The name of this family was Wergeland, and the introduction to it, which I had at this time in prospect, promised me much pleasure. The son had lately finished his University career, and was a candidate in Theology; in other words, was ready for any living that was ready for him. A candidate is, in point of expectation, the analogue of an English curate, in the matter of salary (considering that he receives nothing) he is scarcely so well off. The candidate lives with his father, whom, if he

be a priest, he occasionally assists, and fattens upon hope. Sharp eyes have these incipient divines after livings. They know the value of incumbencies sixteen hundred miles off, and calculate the nativities of preachers on the boundaries of Lapland. It is a civil thing to drink the health of these same candidates, and wish them a parish to take care of.

Wergeland's theological studies had not so wholly occupied him but that he had found time for the cultivation of the Muses. Indeed the muse was his first love, and theology was studied *ek parergow*. His friends made him the Byron of Norway: when I came to know him better, I scarcely agreed in the parallel. He eschewed neckcloths, and delighted not in watery potations. No likeness beyond this, and the fact of both being poets, was discoverable. When I saw him, for the first time, he recalled to my mind the likenesses I had seen of Burns, except that he was bigger by some four inches, and heavier by some three stone. Six feet three without his shoes, is a good bardlike stature, though Tyrtaeus managed to fight upon something under. Of his poetry, the reader shall judge for himself. He is threatened with a whole chapter upon it. For my own part, I make him out to have more of the author of the Corn Law

Rhymes in him, than he has of any one else. If I delighted in coining compounds after the manner of those who talk of Cromwell-Grandison's, and Cobbett-Burke's, I should call him an Elliott-Ossian. However, as I said before, the reader that reaches my second volume, shall judge for himself.

I had no occasion to take a journey to find him. About the middle of July I heard of his being in Christiania. As he knew most of the party at Jomfrue Braaten, he made his appearance amongst us. I was hereupon introduced, welcomed to Norway, with all due hospitality, passed a merry evening at a supper-party given on the occasion (the potations preceding the solids, *hysteron proteron*), talked the sentiment that men talk upon similar occasions, and after a few days, was starting with him for his father's house at Eidsvold, the Runnymede of Norway, and a good living in a delightful country, on the banks of the river Vormen, to boot.

Our entertainment, at least the preparatory part of it (and of the termination I have, owing to the lapse of time between, but an indistinct recollection), took place in the open air, about four o'clock. It was dark before we went indoors, and late the next morning before we got up. Our party consisted of about a score. No account was taken of the liquors consumed.

They were chiefly spirituous. Being made into punch, there were no bottles to tell the tale. That moderation was the order of the day I presume from the circumstance of two members of Storting being present, who had some heavy business for the next day. This would, of course, enjoin temperance. I think the Norwegian system of mixing currant juice in their punch, and which was strictly adhered to that night, accounted for a slight headache that I suffered from next morning.

After the revision of some sundry proofs, and the rehearsal of various melodies, to which his latest songs had been set (for the bard was paying a professional visit, and was up to his ears in ink), an introduction to the Crown Prince, to whom he joined an address with the other students of the University, in a court-dress which would have scandalized St. James's Street, sundry partings, not unaccompanied with stirrup-cups, from his numerous acquaintances, Wergeland was in his gig on the road towards Eidsvold, and myself with him. A little bay horse was trotting in the shafts before us, answering to the name of Wessle-Brun, and who, like Burns' ewe Maillie, has found what it is to have a poetical master. Wessle-Brun has been pressed into the service of the muses, and is, in one of Werge-

land's smaller works, an interlocutor in a dialogue upon the treatment of animals. Dryden's Hind talks not more philosophically. He abuses his biped sovereigns most heartily. However, his philosophy never spoils his paces. The most patient of Houhnyms, he pulls along over the "*Enanta, katanta, paranta te dokhmiat*," of a Norwegian road, at about six miles an hour, the average travelling-pace.

We talked, on the road, as men talk who are at the same time fond of hearing their own voices, and have no language in common; *i. e.*, very much, and very unintelligibly. Wergeland had nearly forgotten his French, I had yet to learn my Norwegian; and men cannot speak languages, as Mr. Coleridge read Plato, by anticipation. English he knew from having read it, so that when he spoke it, he spoke it as Byron would have written it. He talked *like a book*, as the common people say, and a very queer book too. Latin might have served our turn, if we had pronounced it alike. Campbell, who pronounced the same language *more Scotico*, got on excellently well with the students. I believe that I passed for an impostor in professing a knowledge of it. Latin, with the English pronunciation, is as unintelligible to every one but an Englishman, as the Cherokee is to a Hot-

tentot. A quotation from Cicero would pass for an extract from the UNKNOWN TONGUE. A Cambridge friend, now in the Pyrenees, and formerly in Wallachia and Hungary, where the Latin is professed, complains terribly of the unintelligibility of his pronunciation, and makes a very eloquent appeal to the Vice-Chancellor of his University, in his annual account of his travels (written by the way, by the generality, before they start on them) upon the subject. I fear that, by some strange fatality, this valuable document has not received the attention usually awarded to the like of it. This, however, is a digression. Wergeland, and myself, talked between our pipes, from milestone to milestone, from Christiania to Eidsvold, from noon till evening, and from the next morning till noon, and had the paving-stones been as broken as his English and my Norse was, the roads would have been M'Adamized; and if the motley of our ideas at all corresponded with that of the language wherein they were clothed, precious nonsense we must have uttered.

About an English mile from Christiania we passed the house of Captain Mariboe, a member of Storting, on the extreme *gauche*. I fancy that his liberalism lies rather in the support of commercial and financial, than in the advocacy

of political reforms. Like all Norwegians, he is satisfied with the constitution ; but he is, besides, what few Norwegians are, a political economist. The rest put their faith in bounties and monopolies. His brother, a resident of Copenhagen, has translated several works on Political Economy from the English, amongst others Miss Martineau's Illustrations. Captain Mariboe, himself, is either the editor of one of the Christiania papers, (*Morgenbladet*) ? or else a leading contributor to it. He is far from being a silent member of the Storting. No member is oftener on his legs.

A little further on we stopped, more for the sake of the steed than ourselves, at a small farmhouse, and refreshed ourselves with a dish which, in the worst of times, and in the humblest cottages is always, at least during the summer, to be obtained by the Norwegian traveller, *viz.* milk about ten days old, eaten with brown sugar and the *Fladebröd*, or thin oaten cake. From the clean, well-appointed dairies, whole kegs and pails-full of this truly acid milk are produced to the benefit of the dusty and thirsty traveller. The top part is curdy and creamy, beneath it is more jelly-like, resembling *blanc-mange*. It is sour of course, but very

cooling, very stuffing, very good, and very purgative. Here we drank no brandy.

A little further on we stopped again. Here we drank brandy, and punch too. Wergeland, who dearly loved to talk with all the peasants that he came in contact with, seated himself in the ancestral arm-chair, and made up his mind to stay the smoking of one, if not two pipes. I preferred walking on. About half an hour afterwards a barefooted urchin came running up to me, with his hat in his hand (in Norway everybody takes off their hat in addressing any one), saying, what I afterwards understood was *Vend tilbage! Punsch! Pige!* Now what *Punsch* meant I knew well, and what *Pige* meant I had an inkling of; so back I turned. Wergeland was drinking punch out of a tea-pot, and had sent for me that I might partake of it with him. *Pige* meant the bar-maid. *Vend tilbage* signified *turn back*. Justice compels me to say that, with due deference to mine host, the *punsch* was superfluous and the *Pige* not worth turning back for. Now, unless my person was accurately described to the errand-boy (as I have no reason to think was the case), if he was merely told to say *Punsch* and *Pige*, to the first person he overtook, the chances are that he made a

ludicrous blunder. The *first* person he overtook happened to be a clerical Don from Christiania, the second an English traveller (Mr. Barrow) and his friend returning from the north of the country. Whether either or both of these were so mysteriously invited, and so unholily tempted, and whether, in case they were so, they were scandalized thereby, I have never yet learned.

We finished the punch and said farewell to the pige, and were again on our road. As we were wending our way, on foot, up a hill, we met Professor Messel, himself a traveller from an opposite quarter, and going homewards, with whom we stopped some minutes and chatted. "Mr. Latham," he observed afterwards, "*is not so formal as his countrymen in general.*" People are not so, that drink punch on empty stomachs, under a July sun.

We put up for the night at the house of one of the more wealthy farmers; name unknown. I forget whether my conductor had ever seen him before. They do not mind these things in Norway. You may make an inn of a house, whose owner has been hitherto a stranger. Say who you are, and you will be welcomed. We supped, slept, and breakfasted the next morning. Were put in a double-bedded room for

the night. Had *that* been full, they would have put us two in a bed. They do not mind these things either. Whenever you sleep at a house in this way, be sure to bear the servants in mind. Acknowledgments from their masters' guests, are as much a matter of course, as their wages from their master himself are.

The next day was Sunday. We were off betimes, and as we passed a clergyman's house about noon, put up there also. Service was not quite over, and we waited accordingly. The good man of the house came in when it was ended, lit his pipe from ours, and puffed away in unison until our departure. What would be said of a London preacher that smoked between the services, and presented himself before a well-dressed audience redolent of shag tobacco? Verily, verily, Norway is not the country for the notions of the silver-fork school. It pampers no fastidiousness, and encourages no effeminacy. What our own clergymen were in Parson Adams's time, the Norwegian ones are now—and they are none the worse for being so.

The road from Christiania to Eidsvold, is one of the main thoroughfares of Norway. No other road has so much traffic along it. Whether you go to Bergen or Drontheim, you go by it. Such as the mails are, it is a mail-coach road. Like

all the Norwegian roads, it is kept in repair by the farmers of the parishes it passes through; like all the Norwegian roads, it is made of hard and good materials; but, materials which the long frost plays the devil with, loosening and crumbling them. There is no lack of dust in summer, and no want of dirt in autumn, when the wet weather has not ended, and before the snow has begun. The stations on it are about one Norwegian, or seven English miles apart. Beginning from Christiania, they are named as follows: Grorud, Skrinstadt, Moe, Trogstadt, Eidsvold. Besides the mails and the travellers, there is an extensive carriage of wood, and glass, and bricks (these latter are of the rarer sort of commodities), and iron, &c. &c. Toten, through which it runs, a little to the north of Eidsvold, is one of the most fertile districts of Norway. A single toll-bar crosses it about Moe. This is thrown across, not for the sake of the road, but for the keeping up of a bridge. It is truly a bar, and not a gate. Instead of opening and shutting, it is raised and depressed. One end is weighed down, whilst the other rises up. It looks like a see-saw on the rise, or a great jaw opening. Something under an English penny takes you over, horse, and carriage, and all.

No estimate is taken of the number of wheels in your vehicle. The mid-way between Eidsvold is the most beautiful part of the journey. At the Christiania end the land is less wooded, and the houses have not the elegance that you expect on the approach to a capital. At the Eidsvold extremity it grows gloomy, the fir-woods coming up close to the road. For a mile or so (Norse) you drive through a frowning forest, and are unable to see more than a hundred yards on each side of you. Eidsvold itself is, however, beautifully situated. In no place is the proportion between forest and mountain, wood and meadow, the deep green of the firs, and the lighter and more agreeable hue of the grass, more agreeably kept up. Besides this, the surface of the country is in a great degree undulating, rather than hilly. The flax and clover grow along the slopes, and the coppices have more than their share of the less sombre woods, the birch and aspen varying the monotonous gloom of the firs. These however are all in all in the more extensive forests, the *lycotodium* (their cryptogamous analogue) and the *Linnæa Borealis* creeping over and winding about their roots. There is more than one popular song that celebrates *the green groves of Eidsvold*.

## CHAPTER X.

Constitution House—Praise of the Constitution—The Iron-work—Timber-rigged boats—Timber Floats—Parsonage at Eidsvold—Sun-bows—Garden—Worsted-work in Norway—Visit of Amtmand—Ribbons and Titles of Honour.

I SAID that Eidsvold was in a measure the Runnymede of Norway. There it was where the Norse Magna Charta, the constitution of 1814, was framed by the assembled wisdom of the representatives of the whole people, and which has been in full force unsuspended (like the Brummagem constitutions of Germany), and unmodified ever since. Of this constitution the reader shall see his fill in the second volume. *Plus Norwegien qu'en Norwège*, in my admiration of it, I can for my own part let no opportunity of lauding it pass by me. To Norway it has been all in all. United as she is with Sweden, her superior in physical power, and standing before her in importance in the eyes of the rest of Europe, she has been preserved from going to the wall solely and wholly by the circumstance of her integrity and equality being

guaranteed by her Grundlov (Ground-law). On the ground-law, and on this almost alone, must the fabric of Norway's national prosperity be erected, and a very pretty building the architects imagine it will be; the scaffolding is already up, and the workmen are at their posts, full of pride, and hope, and confidence. The granite of Dovre is no firmer than the foundation that they build on.

It was at Eidsvold where this same ground-law was given. Mr. Wergeland, or, as he appears in the contemporary records, Pastor Wergeland, was, although a clergyman, a delegate at that time, and consequently one of its framers, little thinking, whilst his time was taken up in legislation, that he was hereafter to become the clergyman of the very parish, and should himself preach in the very church, that as a national delegate he had attended previous to setting about the solemn work of national legislation. In Eidsvold church, on the 14th of April, 1814, met in full assembly, and saw each other collectively for the first time, the framers of the constitution. The discourse that they heard that day was adapted to the occasion that had drawn them together, setting before their eyes, as it did, the great responsibility of the office to which they had been called;

and inculcating the great duties of patriotism and political integrity. It was Mr. Wergeland's wish, that the opening of their work should take place, and that the first stone of the new building should be laid with even greater solemnity. His proposal that the whole body should move to the church in procession, and that each, and all, should receive the Holy Sacrament,—that a solemn prayer, asking for God's blessing on their endeavours, should be offered up,—and finally, that each individual should solemnly take an oath, that in word and action he would look only towards the well-doing of Norway, fell to the ground on account of some unforeseen orders respecting the assembling of the members, on the part of the Prince Regent; who was, during the whole session, either at Eidsvold, or in its neighbourhood. The house wherein the session was held was the Iron-work (Jernværket), a large wooden house, formerly belonging to the Kammerherr P. Anker, and now in the possession of an English merchant. The smelting of iron, which at one time was considerable, has now ceased, on account of the inferiority of the ore (which, besides, was brought from a distance) compared with the quality of the iron elsewhere, and the comparative dearness of fuel. Retrograde movements and stoppages of

this kind are commoner in the iron, than in any other of the mineral departments. Unlike silver and copper, which when they are found at all, are found accumulated in large quantities in a few situations, iron is pretty generally distributed over the whole country. But it is not found in excessive quantities, or in localities of which one has any very evident advantage over the other. There are plenty of places where you may find iron-works, but there are few to which you can give any particular preference.

Constitution House stands about a hundred yards from the road, with a broad white wooden front, and a bold elevation, a stream by its side, and a saw-mill on the stream. It is about half a Norwegian mile (three and a half English) from the parsonage. Now, Constitution House is a name of my own, the building is known in the neighbourhood as the Iron-work (Jernværket), or simply the work (Værket). Here we stopped, and called in passing, although so near our journey's end, just to see the room where the Grundlov was drawn up. I thought then that I saw it for the first and last time; however, I eventually stayed in the country long enough to grow familiar with it, and during the time of the Christmas festivities passed many an agreeable hour under its hospitable roof. Some

visitors from Wergeland's house were there, to whose family I was now partially introduced.

Across the Vormen, the river that bisects the parish of Eidsvold, and which, running out of the inland lake, the Miosen, joins the Glommen, Norway's main river, lie the remains of a wooden-bridge, extended about half-way across, but now superseded by a ferry. Julius Cæsar in some part of his Commentaries throws a bridge across some river ; and the construction of this bridge of Cæsar's is supposed to be illustrated by the construction of this bridge of the Vormen. I relate this upon trust. I was never within half-a-mile of a bridge, and there was no edition of Cæsar within eighty half-miles.

In all the Norwegian lakes, which from their mountain boundaries are subject to sudden gusts of wind, you may see boats with their masts propped up, strengthened and underpinned by means of poles. The mast itself is in its proper place, and rises up straight from the centre of the boat; but from the sides also, and occasionally from the ends, rise two or three supplementary supports (young fir-trees stripped of their bark, and rough-hewn), which converge towards the top of the mast, which thus gains in strength what it loses in elasticity. This wooden cordage gives the vessels an ugly, cumbrous look. Where

in a common boat you would have a tough rope, you have here a sapling fir. The whole rig looks rather like the skeleton of a *marquee* than that of a boat. If any thing in the shape of traffic is seen on the Vormen, it will be seen in the shape of a timber float.

When a man clears a forest, for the sake of the timber, and after he has cut down his load of trees, he lops their branches, and rough-hews their trunks preparatory to submitting them to the saw-mills, in order to have them sliced up into planks and boards. The mills themselves are necessarily on a river, or a stream, and the chances are, that the woods from which they are supplied are at no great distance from one. There is scarcely such a thing as a waterfall without its corresponding saw-mill. Streams that were meant for the poet's inspiration are coated with saw-dust, and savour of the smell of turpentine. The coot and moor-hen shun the suspicious vicinities, and the trout goes to leap in the shallows at a distance. As the smaller streams delight in saw-mills, the larger ones are loaded with timber-floats. The owner marks his trees, shoots or trundles them into the nearest river, and lets them take their time and their chance. There is no fear of wrecking a fir-tree. They have nothing to do but to keep

afloat. They turn corners in the course of time, but are puzzled now and then by a back-stream. A bridge is an awkward customer. If they take the arches endwise, they shoot them pretty well, but if they manage to lie across them, they form a temporary weir. The Norse timber-tree exists between fire and water, the float and the Braaten. The merchant souses and the farmer burns it. Since the time of the Canada timber bill it has been banished from the houses of England, where once it played a conspicuous part, because rotten wood from a colony was held preferable to sound wood from an indifferent quarter. The true anti-dry-rot specific consists, not in the application of chlorides and bichlorides, but in the use of materials naturally wholesome and uncorrupting. .

At the parsonage I met *just a* Norwegian *welcome*. The evening was closing in, and the Norse rule is, in the matter of bed, *early in and early out*. It is a good house, as well as a hospitable one—that same vicarage or rectory. The dining-room might dine a matter of twenty, and leave room for the unliveried servants to pass between the side-board and the guests. The piano-forte bore, on its crockery-ware centre piece, the name of Broadwood or Clementi, or that of some maker equally English and metro-

politan; the tones and the skill to elicit them being correspondent. The less pretending instruments, that swarm and sound in the farm-houses, come from Copenhagen.

I said before that carpeted floors were the exception rather than the rule in Norway. In the inns, and at the houses of the *Restaurants*, the rooms are sanded, or, what is still more commonly the case, strewn with clipped fir-tops.

Now the drawing-room floor at Eidsvold was more ambitiously ornamented. You could not spit from your pipe without spitting on the carpet. It was conscious of a Kidderminster.

The hay-season is over, and the grass is growing green again; the corn has yet to be cut. A light mist, which when winter comes will be replaced by a thick palpable fog, that finds its way, even through your multiplicity of wrappings, to the skin, is floating over the surface of the Vormen; following its course, and winding with its windings. The flax is in full flower; it just occupies the odd nooks and corners of the rye-fields. The small birds ought to be singing; but there are no singing birds in Norway. The river half winds round the pastor's house, although it keeps at a respectful distance. In the front is the farm-yard and a few trees, the end of an avenue leading from the house to the

road, on one side, and to the garden, on the other. Intermediate to the front of the house and the river, the landscape—consisting of undulating, grassy slopes, studded, on each side of the knolls of rising ground, with clumps of birch-wood, with its silvery bark and tremulous foliage—is of a wholly different character to that which lies behind; this latter being of a more rugged nature. The slopes become hills, and the hill-sides grow abrupt and craggy, dashing abruptly in the river, which flows at their feet, instead of gradually sinking to its level, and being gray and rude, instead of green and smiling. Here grows, on landing places of the rock, the *Paris quadrifolia*, *hypericums*, and the monkshood in the greatest profusion. The opposite bank is still more rugged. A gray hillside, of which, however, the small plateaus on its sides are not only cultivated but productive (*Ton-sager-fjeld*), stands in your front; from the top of this, which is easily ascended—I am talking here of hills and hillocks, for of the mountain scenery of Norway I know nothing,—you have a full view of the course of the river, and of the whole country on its opposite side. One hill, in the distance, which perhaps deserves the name of a mountain, and on which snow was lying on the 3rd of September, bounds the prospect to

the right, and beyond this a sterner country begins; within it, however, it is the hand of man to which the landscape owes its chief beauty. *Norway's land is no desert*, I said to myself at the end of a summer-day's wander along the banks of the Vormen, and after a scramble up the sides of the Tonsager-fjeld.

I do not think that much of Wergeland's poetry was inspired by the beauty of the country around him. Natives are peculiarly unsusceptible to the impressions of the scenery in their neighbourhood: a view that may be seen from your threshold loses much of its beauty with the loss of its novelty. What is said about the beauties of Scotland making poets, is said by Scotchmen. *Quicquid recipitur ad modum recipientis*. When Tennyson wrote of "*Mariana in the moated grange*," he depicted a fen farm-house, and extracted inspiration out of the low-lands of Lincolnshire. Now the inspiration that Wergeland got out of Eidsvold, he got from its Iron-work, rather than from its grove and valleys. Constitution-house was a greater inspiration than the dirty acres. The patriotism of his muse deals with points political, rather than with matter topographical. All of the external Eidsvold that he has celebrated, are his pony and a fir-tree, on a hill to

the right of his father's house. The pony is immortalized in prose, the fir-tree in verse. Some twenty stanzas are written to this latter. It stands, perhaps, four miles off, and is conspicuous from the circumstance of the smaller trees being cleared away on each side of it.

" It is not noon: the sun-bows' rays still arch

" The torrent with the many hues of heaven."

What the poet of Manfred saw over the lower part of the Alpine torrents, *viz.* " an iris formed " by the rays of the sun" (I use his own words), " exactly like a rainbow come down to pay a " visit, and so close that you might walk into " it," may be seen in the Norwegian cascades; only, in the latter, the light, powdery mist of the spray is but too often mixed up with the saw-dust from the mills above. What the railroads are in England, the saw-mills are to Norway; very useful and very ugly. What steam is with us, water is with the Scandinavians—the *primum mobile* of their machinery. As surely as the bird is to be found upon its nest, so surely is the waterfall surmounted by a saw-mill,

" — Some hideous engine, whose brazen teeth smash

" The mild winds and soft waves into thunder."

When a proprietor will sell an estate he ad-

vertises the amount of his mills, as an American calculates the number of his slaves. About noon, and at Eidsvold, in the month of August, I beheld the most beautiful of these sun-bows, or rather spray-bows. It was an arch, with all the colours of the prism—a rainbow, without the rain. No colour predominated. It lasted as long as the sun shone. I remember when the following lines of Shelley gave me much trouble in my attempt to comprehend them :

“ — The smoke and the jar of the battle

“ Stain the clear air with *sun-bows*.”

It was in Norway, and at the cascade at Eidsvold, that I first learned that Diana was less exclusively the queen of bows, either golden or silver, than she is usually represented to be.

Mr. Wergeland, the father, the parish priest of Eidsvold, and a rural dean (or its Norwegian equivalent) of the district, received me with the kind welcome his son had promised me. He had been some years before a member of Storting; indeed, he formed one of the assembly that framed the Constitution. His habits were literary, and he was, moreover, no mean artist. The portraits which he had taken of his own family did the members of it better justice than did some professional attempts that hung alongside them.

He was, moreover, a fisherman. Some English traveller, who had sojourned under his roof, had promised him some London tackle, and had kept his word, by sending him a cargo of fly lines and flies, spinning tackle, and top-joints for the capture of the trout of Vormen. He was the only brother of the angle whom I met with. Besides trout, the river, that ran through his grounds, was well filled with large perch and pike; and I found, upon inquiry, that the English instruments of capture had not materially lessened their numbers.

Next to the instructions of my friend Daae, I owe the chief part of my knowledge of the language to the Wergelands. The father spoke English, but with the son I had either to frame my lips into Norse forms, or hold my tongue.

When people are ill, the grand recipe is camphor drops. They are recommended it in the case of a cold, and they are recommended it in the case of a cholera. If a man was to break his arm I believe that it would be camphor drops that would be administered. I was slightly ill at Eidsvold, and was cured by camphor and kind nursing. I will not be very precise in determining the respective shares that each of those means took in setting me up. I lay in bed during the smoking of twenty pipes, and the reading of

as many Penny Magazines. Of this latter, thirteen copies are sold weekly in Christiania, *in English*; besides these they have a Penny Magazine of their own. Those that read German get their general knowledge from the Conversations-Lexicon. One of three languages, German, English, or French (and often more), is sure to be understood by an educated Norwegian, and you soon find out, from their conversation, from which of the three literatures their information has been principally derived. Radicalism goes with the French, and a hankering after things Danish with the German modes of thought. Of my own personal acquaintances, Wergeland was the most of a Gaul, and Daae of an Englishman.

I said that one of these three languages was sure to be understood by an educated Norwegian. This does not mean that the knowledge of them is equal. French and English are about equally studied, German more than both put together. The Norwegian is more English than the Dane, and the Dane more German than the Norwegian. In Christiania they call a potato a potato, and in Copenhagen a *Kartoffell*, after the English and the Germans respectively. The Swedes are as French as the Danes are German.

A field of peas, not such as men nor yet such as

beasts eat in England, but of the kind whereof not the seeds but the shells are edible (being sliced like French beans, and stewed), with a row of trees by its side, separated the parsonage from the garden, growing, as fruits, currants, raspberries, gooseberries, and cherries, and, as culinaries, potatoes. It owed its beauty to a profusion of hops and flax that was grown there, rather than to the gaiety of its garden flowers. The Forget-me-Not (*Myosotis Cæspitosa*) was cultivated there. Besides this, there was the Devil-in-a-Bush, called the Little Maiden-in-Green (*Nigella* —?) Of gaudier flowers than these I have no recollection. The green sward there was in abundance, intersecting the garden in all directions, and forming broad walks, overshadowed by the aspen. The Norwegians are no great gardeners. Occasionally, and with care, they coax their soil into the production of apricots. This is done in the neighbourhood of Drammen, and in the Botanic Garden at Christiania. A large farm is accompanied by a large house; but it does not always follow that a large house is encompassed by a large garden. Mr. Wergeland's was the most extensive one I saw.

I know not how the mania for worsted work may have been in England, but in Norway such things as embroidered cushions and German

patterns, and many-coloured balls of yarn, and wooden frames, and assiduous young ladies, as continuously employed upon a single flower, as Narcissus was in gazing upon himself, and whose web gets on more tardily than even Penelope's, were rife and common in 1833. An English mechanic may consume his life in making the twentieth part of a pin, and an English lady may pass her's in working the thirtieth part of an ottoman.

One fine evening we were visited by the Amtmand of the Amt, the lord lieutenant (or his nearest Norwegian equivalent) of the county. He came in his uniform and carriage, took supper and passed the night at the parsonage. He was travelling officially, chiefly to see the condition of the roads, a kind of overseer of the highways. After supper he drank (not gave) the health of his host, hostess, and family, wishing that the candidate might soon become an incumbent—a polite way of speaking and of drinking. For all the want of an hereditary aristocracy, when Norwegians have orders they make a point of wearing them. Both my host and his guest (not myself but the official one), Mr. Wergeland, and the Amtmand, wore the blushing honours of a many-coloured ribbon. Man is by nature a title-loving animal. Coun-

tries are free from lords, not because the great men are unambitious of distinctions, but because the little ones are intolerant of them. Hold an office under the Norse government, and your wife has a claim to the title of *Frue*, and your daughter to that of *Froken*. Now for the sake of conferring a title on their ladies, will obedient husbands be made knights in England, and officials in Norway. You may see in the books, which are kept at the station-houses for travellers to write their names in, the names of ladies preceded by some such twopenny title as that of *Consulinde* (Female Consul).

Eidsvold was one of those places that might have been built of brick if it had chosen. There was an alluvial stratum by the side of the river, with a brick-kiln in the middle of it. This is a rare occurrence in Norway, where the forest supersedes both the clay-pit and the quarry. However, not only Mr. Wergeland's house, and the Iron-work, but almost all the dwellings of the neighbourhood were of wood, rough-hewn, or sawn into boards, as the case might be. Those built with the rough-hewn trunks, I thought, were lower and longer than the others which are generally comparatively narrow and lofty.

I am getting fast to feel at home. The next

two chapters shall deal with domestic manners, and domestic management, points of cookery and points of behaviour, matters social, and matters culinary, what I studied under the Chesterfields of the North, and what I collected under its Kitcheners.

## CHAPTER XI.

Scandinavian gastronomy — Ale — Spirits — Fish — Game —  
Theory of Haut-gout — Fish-puddings — Gammel-ost.

THE Norwegians are not pre-eminently a cooking nation; their culinary operations are rather elaborate, as far as they go, than multifarious. They are also somewhat chronic in duration. I fancy that there is a good deal of superfluous work connected with them. For instance, they soak their game before it is dressed. But of this more hereafter. They reckon not their mode of cooking eggs by the hundred, and they delight not in a multiplicity of sauces. They stew not down whole sheep to make sauce for a single peacock. They have no essences with which you can eat your own father; or which, if dropped on the fingers, would tempt you to gnaw them to the bone.

They have no vineyards, and their cellars scarcely make good the want of them. Their beer, like pneumonic crepitations, is small. It

is of a fine clear amber colour ; but so are the *waters* of the Tiber, and of the Tagus.

What is called brandy, is in reality whiskey. It is made from either potatoes, or corn. A great quantity of potatoes for this purpose are grown in the neighbourhood of Laurvig—*venenorum ferax*. The native produce, however, does not exclude cogniac. I think well of the Norwegian cogniac. I drank a good deal of it neat, as a preservative against the cholera. Their rum punch deserves all praise. It is best drunk cold. In summer-time you can have it iced, *punch à la glace*. In brandy-punch I have seen currant-juice mixed up.

At Gottenburg is a porter-brewery, where I was told that trefoil is used largely as a substitute for hops. This trefoil is not the trefoil of our pastures, but the buck-bean (*Menyanthes trifoliatum*), which is a strong bitter.

There is more claret than port, and more port than madeira. Drink *red* wine with your fish. Fish must swim three times ; once in water, once in oil, and in wine. So says some one in Athens. The Norwegians adhere to this rule strictly, but I believe unconsciously. They make soup of salmon—very good eating\*. Ditto

\* This compendious mode of expression is not my own. In the Journal of Dampier, is the following entry—*Monday*,

of eels—very good eating. Ditto of pig-meat, or pork—not such very good eating.

Stall-fed animals are not the peculiar products of Great Britain, nor are fat beasts confined to the south of the Baltic. The swine, to be sure, are in general, rather phthisical in their appearance than apoplectic.

Mr. Laing reprehends Derwent Conway for retailing a story about a young lady sending word that she could not see a friend because she was making black-puddings. I see nothing remarkable in the circumstance, except the candour of the lady, which was in the highest degree praiseworthy.

If a red herring is to be eaten, as it ought to be, waive the ceremony of roasting it.

Dried salmon is better for not having been near a fire. In English kitchens a great deal of good heat is wasted.

I once found a dried mutton-ham in a small posting-house after a long day's journey. The fashion is to eat such things *au naturel*. I did so, and enjoyed my meal.

*killed a turtle—pretty good eating. Tuesday, killed a heron—pretty good eating. Wednesday, killed a fox—pretty good eating.*—This weather-beaten seaman, of whom Coleridge says that he had a feminine countenance, must have had rather a miscellaneous appetite.

By far the best part of a Norwegian larder is the fish, the game, and the cheese. Small red trout from the mountain streams, stripling cod-fish, salmon, and stock-fish, are the chief delicacies, whilst the chief sauces are of olive oil.

The flesh of the cock-of-the-wood, is dark above and white beneath. This, with the ptarmigan and black grouse, is their chief game. I saw neither partridges nor pheasants.

When meat is frozen, it is thawed by being put in *cold* water.

The game flavour of a bird is no recommendation to a Norman. So much it is eschewed, that grouse, before they are dressed, are left for some hours in water to soak, and expel it. This is like acting Hamlet, with the part of the Prince omitted; or the scenery of Richmond Hill, without its wood and the river. Of course nothing like *haut-gout* is tolerated.

My friend and host, Mr. Archer of Laurvig, had a theory of his own upon this subject. He argued that the taste for high food, such as venison and grouse, arose rather from necessity than from choice. That the Londoners set the fashion as to what was to be approved of in eating; that the Londoners got their grouse from a distance, during the hot weather, and therefore tainted; that they made a virtue of

necessity, and professed to like tainted grouse from choice; that they extended their notions to other kinds of game on one side, and to the rest of their fellow creatures on the other. The Russians, he added, who live at a distance from the sea, like *high oysters—dura messorum ilia*—whilst those that live nearer, prefer them with the minimum of odour. When railroads are general, and a supply of fresher viands take place, the natural taste for scentless food (so prophesies Mr. Archer) is to return. Horace, who tells us that the ancients loved rancid bacon, tells us at the same time that they did not do so naturally, but that there was a reason for it.

*Rancidum aprum veteres laudabant, non quia nullus  
illis nasus erat, sed credo hâc mente, &c.*

Rein-deer venison is scarcely so good as that of the fallow-deer. It is dry even to parching and chipping. Rein-deer tongues, such as we eat in England, come from donkeys.

I eat at Laurvig a lobster plain boiled and *hot*. Like Lord Chesterfield and his hunting, it is a thing a man should do but once.

First catch your fish, then dry the flesh, then pound it to a fine flour, and with this fish-flour make a pudding. There are worse things in the world than a fish pudding. It is a set-off to the *soupe au cochon*.

With roasted mutton eat—not currant-jelly, but the preserved mountain-ash berries.

If you wish to taste a cheese to which Cheshire, Stilton, and Gruyere must yield the palm, go to Norway and ask for *gammel-ost*.

If a second-rate one will suffice, ask for *mios-ost*. Now I would not be supposed to insinuate that there is no such thing as bad cheese in Norway. Far from it.

O Norway cheeses ye are like  
To Jeremiah's figs,  
The good were very good, the bad  
Too bad to give the pigs.

The day before my departure from the country I supped at Ny Hellsund, with the captain of the vessel that was to convey me. Native as he was of a county (Suffolk) where they use their cheeses as grinding-stones, the cheese, to which we were that night condemned, was too hard, too dry, and too sour even for him.

*Gammel-ost* is made by mixing skim-milk boiled, with cream, or new milk, unboiled, and pressing it in a press of a certain antiquity; one that has pressed the cheeses not only of many seasons, but of many generations. The older this is the higher is the flavour of the cheese.

If new milk be kept until it becomes of a certain age (a month old or so), it grows curdy,

and cheesy, and not disagreeably acid. This should be eaten with brown sugar and oaten biscuits. Many a traveller, during the heat of a summer's day, has wished for no more refreshing food than this, eaten in the clean dairy of a roadside farm-house, out of the smooth white wooden bowls in which it stands.

Put a lump of sugar in the glass with your wine. It is a maxim, that good wine is improved by it, and that bad stands in need of it. I cannot say *experto crede*.

## CHAPTER XII.

Usages of Society in Norway—A Norman's Description of an English Dinner party of the last century.

If you call upon a Norwegian, and he happens to be too much engaged to see company, you are told so at once ; sometimes by the servant, sometimes by one of the family, who makes his appearance at the door. The usual phrase is, *Herr—kan ikke ta imod*, i. e. *cannot receive you*. The social fiction of *not at home* is unknown in Norway ; and indeed, if the thing were desired, it could scarcely be adopted in houses where there is no regular street door, as is generally the case in Christiania.

Visitors are received in the bed-room, according to the usage of most countries except our own, as unhesitatingly as in the sitting-rooms ; indeed, for one who lives at an hotel, or in lodgings, *en garçon*, a bed-room is all that is required. Formal (I had almost said morning) calls are generally made in the evening ; it being

supposed that then the duties of housekeeping are all discharged.

There is rather more oral salutation with the Norwegians than there is with ourselves. Ladies on visits of ceremony, even when they see each other for the first time in their lives, greet one another with a kiss. It is good breeding, though by no means either necessary or general, to kiss a lady's hand on a formal introduction, or at taking leave.

*Frue* is a higher title than *Madam*, and *Fröken* (*little Frue*) than *Jomfru*. The wife of every one who has any thing like an office under the Government, has a right to the title of *Frue*, and his daughter to that of *Fröken*. A consul's wife is a *Frue*, and his daughter a *Fröken*; so is a clergyman's if he has an office corresponding to that of Rural Dean, or Arch-deacon, but not if he be merely a parish priest. The daughters of farmers, squires, squireens, merchants, &c. &c., and, *à fortiori*, of tradesmen, are called *Jomfrue*. It is well to attend to these points in conversation, although but few Norwegian ladies are foolish enough to be offended with foreigners who mistake their title. Amongst themselves they are by no means indifferent to it. *Moder*, contracted into *Moer*,

and meaning *mother*, is a common mode of addressing the wife of one of the lower orders; the hostess of a posting-house for instance.

Men bespeak each other by the names of their rank or profession, and say Herr Doctor, Herr General, rather than Herr Schmidt, Herr Olson. A Bachelor of Arts of the University, or one holding the corresponding rank of Candidatus, may safely be called Herr Candidate.

As in German, French, and (except in the mouth of a quaker) in our own language, the pronoun of the second person is never used, except to inferiors and particular friends; as a sign of superiority or of familiarity. Instead of *thou*, the English say *you*, and the French *vous*, i. e. use the *second* pronoun plural: the Germans and Scandinavians use the *third*, and say not *will you be so good*, but *will they be so good*. When two persons agree upon being so familiar as to say, *du* (thou) to each other, the ceremony of drinking a glass of wine together, and giving each other a slight box on the ear, is gone through. All this is German as well as Scandinavian. In one of Schiller's plays, the hero is requested by his friend to say, not *sie* but *du*: in a poem of Wessel's, Jove and Mercury are introduced, saying *du* to each other, and in a

parenthesis the reader is informed (upon what authority I do not know) that such is the fashion up in Olympus.

After dinner it is usual for all the company to shake hands with each other, and return mutual compliments for the pleasure of their company during the meal. *Tak för Maden*, meaning *thanks for the meat*, is the usual formula; it is said not to the host only but to all the company present.

Little or no wine is drank after dinner; during, however, that meal, a bottle stands between every second or third person, from which the company help themselves, or (if there be a lady next to them) their neighbour. There is no bowing, and drinking wine in the English sense of the word.

An invitation to dinner means that the guest is to stay for tea and supper, neither in Christiania nor in Copenhagen. The two meals are perfectly distinct, and require separate and special invitations for those that may partake of them. After dinner, coffee is served; the host retires for a *siesta*, and the company disperse.

At cards the chief game is whist, and the savage custom (but lately exploded in England), of expecting the guests to leave money behind them to pay for the cards, and which is called card-money, is still kept up in Norway.

It is not rude to smoke in a drawing-room, but it is creditable not to spit upon the floor. Think of this, ye Transatlantic expectorators!

I have seen persons waltz with the pipe in their mouth, hanging over the lady's shoulder; but such things form the exception rather than the rule.

The law of etiquette, which in England makes it incumbent upon the new comer to wait until the older resident calls upon him, is rather reversed, or at any rate not so strictly adhered to in Norway. This makes society more accessible.

Walk not arm-in-arm with ladies unless you are engaged to them. This rule, I believe, held good in Scotland until the present generation.

Neither put your hands in your coat-tail pockets, drawing them round to your hips, and then letting them rest there; for it is rude to show the seat of your trowsers.

When people say *det er ikke sandt*, it is not worth while being offended. The phrase is a mere *façon de parler*. I once told the waiter of an inn, that some meat which he brought me for breakfast was not sufficiently dressed, and he told me that *it was not true*. This was his *delicate* way of rectifying my mistake; he meant nothing by it.

*Fanden*, means the *Devil*; it is a common

expletive in Norwegian conversation, both high and low ; so that no one need be scandalized at hearing it ; nor, if he pronounce it properly (*i. e.* as *Fåhn*), be afraid of using it.

Twice during my stay a person offered me a pipe out of his own mouth, which, of course, I accepted. The polite Orientals do the same. Mr. Wilson had, during his travels in the East, a pipe offered him from the mouth of one of the Beys of Egypt, as a mark of especial honour. I am surprised that this should have appeared to him a novel proceeding, as he had spent some time in Norway, and written an account of his travels in that country.

If an acquaintance offers you punch, or wine, at a restaurateur's, drink it with him. It is not so incumbent upon you to do so, as it would be in England to drink wine with a person who asked you, but still it is incumbent in a certain degree.

Let no man adhere to the formalities of the silver-fork school ; eat fish with your knife *ad libitum*, and put it (your knife) in your mouth if you choose.

If sugar-tongs be wanting, use your fingers ; and where there is no salt-spoon, your knife. Strangers are sometimes foolish enough to show that they miss these things.

Men that eat much salt have the credit of being in love.

The rules of the roads are much the same as in England, and must be similarly attended to.

As a set-off to the toleration of tobacco in drawing-rooms, smoking in the streets is approved of far less than it is in England. Lighted cigars upon the terrace of the fortress are prohibited.

When a person parts from you, in this country, it is but an equivocal compliment to say to him, *a good journey to you*: so, in Norway, it is not a matter of indifference whether you say to a friend at parting, *lykkelige reise* (*a happy journey*), or *lykke paa reisen* (*luck on your journey*). The latter is a vile uncourteous phrase, nearly equivalent to saying *a good rid-dance*.

Take off your hat to all ladies, young or old, known or unknown, whether they be met walking in the streets, or be seen at a distance sitting at a window; for such courtesies are both naturally expected and graciously returned, and by adopting the manners of the country your foreignership becomes less apparent.

Take off your hat to gentlemen, also, when they are of your acquaintance. I have seen two boys, almost barefooted, stop to converse with each other, with their caps in their hands; the very pinks of decorum.

Upon meeting persons (no matter whether they be of your acquaintance) in whose society you have been before thrown it is well to accost them with, *tak for sidsten* (pronounced *sissten*), or, *thanks for the last time you gave me the pleasure of your company.*

You may cross the street to say this; and the less you said to them originally, and the longer it is since you saw them, the more marked is the compliment.

As the Germans say, *Prosit*, and as I have heard old fashioned people in England say, after meals, *much good may it do you*, the Norwegians say, *tak for maden.*

Tell a story, concerning which a slight degree of incredulity is excusable, and you may see some of your audience driving with their fist an imaginary nail in the wall adjoining. This means, that what you say is to be taken *cum grano salis*; and a very large grain too.

It is said of men, whose faces bear testimony to the small-pox, that the *devil has thrashed peas on them.*

The best way of telling the notions of a foreigner is to see what habits of your own strike him as new, to observe what points, familiar to yourself, are unfamiliar to him. By taking a stranger all round the world, and noting what-

ever he considered a novelty, you might pronounce *à priori* upon the fashions of his own country, *par voie d'exclusion*, as the French diagnosticians determine cutaneous diseases. Hear now how an English dinner-party struck a Norwegian gentleman.

Sneedorff, who travelled in England during the time of the first French revolution, is the speaker. He fell into good company, as far as *caste* was concerned; his host was a baronet, and his hostess an Honourable. It was good also in point of intelligence. *Deep-thinking independent Englishmen*—so he calls his fellow-guests. They were moderate Reformers, and saw some good in the French revolution; but did not admire Tom Paine, or adopt his theories. Their political notions were much of the following tenor. It was not likely that constitutions would be faultless as long as individuals were imperfect. Impressment of seamen it was equally difficult to justify and to abolish. They prophesied a reform in the parliamentary representation. Our freedom came from our happy constitution, our pride from our freedom, and our debt from our pride, &c. Thus much for the specimen *quasi* Englishmen.. They seem to have been aristocratic Whigs, with a few paradoxical notions. Such men give good dinners.

Hear Mr. Sneedorf again. The following points he thought worthy of being printed. That a *card* was sent, and that nine days before. That one of the guests had a wooden leg, and that wooden legs were rather common in England. That no one but those at the top and bottom of the table sat in arm-chairs. That there were more wines on table than he knew the names of; but that a naval officer stuck to port and malt liquor. That there were five servants in waiting, and that they even anticipated his wants. *That as often as he partook of a fresh dish he had clean knives.* That they sat two hours after dinner, and that coffee came in about half-past nine. *Au reste*, he admired the chandeliers, and made use of a finger-glass.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Travelling in Summer—Carriages—Skydsgut—Forbud—Travellers' book—Humanity to domestic animals.

THE summer is at its noon. St. John's day is but lately past. The shades of evening will begin about the middle of next week. There are no meteorological signs of a northern latitude. As far as the heat is concerned, you may be travelling in the tropics. Veils are needed to keep off the dust. They are worn in winter as a protection against the snow. You toss about uneasily in bed on account of the heat and light. You fancy yourself an aquatic animal, and that your shirt is made of eider-down. So much does the duration of the sun's heat throughout the night make up for the obliquity of its beams. Gnats take a fancy to your flesh, and perforate your integuments for the sake of getting at it. You would fain call them mosquitoes from their pertinacity. Fleas and other

kinds of monosyllabic vermin infest your bed. Travellers are reported to use a multiplicity of manœuvres to escape from them. Some put the feet of their bedsteads into low pans of water, and hang a canopy (*conopeum*) over their heads. None of these modes ensure you against attacks. *A flea-bitten horse never tires.* So says some proverb somewhere. Extend its application to mankind, and no one need weary in Norway; at least during the summer months. Your blood waxes inflammable. The fourth glass of punch, and the third of neat brandy (its equivalent), begin to redden the physiognomy. Faces grow roseate ere the fifth health has been drunk, you look ruddy and rubicund—*nimum lubricus aspici*. You are in a hot month in a hot country. Happily the man that has no need to change his place, or, if he has, can move by sea. Such as travel in Norway along turnpikes should travel during the winter. Those, however, that are stinted as to their seasons, and have to see the world between snow-time and snow-time, must do as follows:—

Buy or hire a carriage. If you buy it, you may sell it again when you have done with it. Six pounds English will get you a new one. Somewhat less than half that price will put you in possession of one second-hand. Drammen is

a good place to go to market in. There are those who, having been in Norway, have taken these same carriages back with them (the lightest and most elegant of vehicles), and have driven them on British turnpikes. What will buy the conveyance, will also furnish you with the animal that draws it. The little Norwegian horses, that even the Swedes prefer to their own, may be got for about six pounds each. Short, and rough, and cream-coloured (in general) and very hardy, and abstemious as to matters of fodder; their usual pace is a trot of about seven miles an hour. They are equally patient of the heat and of the cold. To them oats are no necessities. If they fall in their way they count it as gain. You give them corn, as you would give a labouring man an *extra* pot of beer; only after any unusually praiseworthy exertion. Twelve pounds then will buy horse, and harness, and vehicle.

No one, however, buys horses for the sake of travelling with them; although many do so to take home. The stations or post-houses furnish you with such as you want on your excursions. The carriage, as I said before, is an elegant but an unsocial conveyance. In England they would be called *Sulkies*. They are as exclusive as a game at *solitaire*. You can share them with your

neighbour no more than you can share your wife with him. A lad sits behind you, but he counts for nothing. A carriole is no more meant for two than a side-saddle is meant for a pair. To sit in them properly you should be somewhat round-shouldered. The body of them is somewhat like that mythological shell, in which Venus is supposed to have been cradled on the ocean, as you see her upon antique gems, and in Spence's mythology, with her hair for a dressing-gown, and two Tritons for supporters. Light and elastic are the shafts, and flexible as bows, of the same hue as the body, *i. e.*, chocolate-coloured, and made of the deal *hewn on Norwegian hills* ; which is taxed in England, but which resists the dry-rot. Behind, is a kind of a miniature music-stool, by way of a dicky. At least it would serve as a music-stool if the parts whereon we sit, were of no larger calibre than are those whereon we stand, and if bustles were non-existent. Marvellously small is this same carriole-dicky. The poor post-lad has to sit on it. He is perched uncomfortably. He fidgets irregularly and at intervals, *with a short uneasy motion*. As the shafts are, so are the wheels, light, elegant, and chocolate-coloured.

You are your own driver. The foot-board is as long as, but no broader than your legs. You

sit with them extended. Your toes and knees are on one and the same plane. They are projected from your trunk at a right angle. Your feet are on a level with the middle of the horse's tail, and your hatband is on a line with his ears. You do not look down on your steed. An untaxed pony-chaise in England and a carriage in Norway are much of a height. You see less of the country than would be visible from a coach-box. A tandem-driver would make an effort to descry you, so much are you below his altitude.

There is nothing elaborate about the harness. You must be able to rig your steed for yourself; since it is, at times, but carelessly put on, and when you get to a hill let the horse choose his own pace, giving him his head. Nobody but an Englishman puts his trust in bearing-reins.

If you drive as you ought to do, you will stand in no need of whips. There is little occasion for any jaunty squaring of your elbows. Expostulations should stand in place of the lash. Talk to your horse. You had better not know how to converse with his master. A dog-whip in England is a gig-whip elsewhere, the handle being short, and the lash long; a flagellational Iambic.

I would not go so far as to recommend a traveller to take with him two sorts of medicine,

heating and cooling, for two different emergencies, nor splints in case his carriage (or his arm) break, nor double money for fear lest he should run short; but *I would* recommend him to take with him his own provender, sliced German sausage (for instance) or meat sandwiches, or cheese of the better sort, or brandy beyond that of the post-houses. These he must pack as well as he can. There are no imperials, no carriage seats in the carriages. He must also take with him plenty of small money, copper as well as paper. There is no law forcing a post-house keeper to find change. I was neither an opossum with a natural bag, nor an ape with a cheek-pouch, nor a pelican with a saccate beak, nor a camel with a stomach extraordinary, so I even filled a shooting-coat pocket with coppers. Poor Correggio, he died of carrying a sack of brass money upon his shoulders, with which the malevolence of his patron's steward paid him. May no northern traveller meet with a similar fate. Seriously speaking, it is a difficult point say whether paper or copper money be the worst. One gets blown out of your pocket-book, and the other loads your pockets.

The *Skydsgut*—is the boy that accompanies you, seated on the uneasy dicky aforesaid, in order that, when you have reached the next

station he may take the carriage back. The chances are that he is a ragged urchin, uninformed (as travellers besides myself have complained) and cacophonous, venting his limited stock of information in a true provincial *patois*. He expects drink-money (*Drikkepenge*) to the amount of a few skillings, at the end of his journey. He regulates the pace to which you put the animal under his charge. He takes exceptions if you hurry it. He marvels if you seem to consider the rate of five miles an hour slow. If you *click* above three times in ten minutes, or use the lash twice in a furlong, he expostulates. Time is no object to him, drink-money is. Represent to him that, if he keeps his objections to himself, and suffers the horse to move as if time were a thing to be valued, *extra* skillings will be his reward, and he will, in all probability, allow you to attain the consummation that Englishmen so devoutly wish for—the crossing of the greatest quantity of ground in the smallest quantity of time. In sober truth, we have the credit of being impatient travellers, and of using the whip superfluously, whilst the Norwegians themselves are particularly humane to their animals. However, the carriage-lad is not invariably a lad. They are to be found of all sizes and ages. The

younger they are the more careless they are about paces. Between Trogstad and Moe I was exactly one hour in sledging six miles. *Heavens! how we have driven!* said my veteran companion, when we reached the latter station. They are easily satisfied in regard to matters of celerity.

*Forbud*, means *courier*. If you send one before you, you should give him an hour's start. Very few skillings content him also. *His* salary is fixed; you pay the *skydsgut* as you like. Unless you travel with a courier, you must calculate upon the stoppages taking up as much time as the locomotion. You will stay an equal number of hours, on the road, and in the station-houses. The farmers in the respective neighbourhoods find the means of posting, both horse and carriage; the payment for each being fixed. They are not compelled, when it comes to their turn, to have either one or the other at the stations (which bear in their external appearance, nothing to distinguish them from the neighbouring farm-houses); so that when a traveller, or his courier, make their appearance, the vehicle has to be sent for, the horse to be brought up from the field, or, perhaps, taken from the plough, and the whole equipage forwarded to the station, which is, at times, four or five miles distant.

At each of the stations a book is kept, wherein the travellers write their names and professions. They also note down any point upon which they think that they have had reason to complain. If the horse has been a sorry one, if the carriage has been cranky, if the post-boy has been impertinent, a stricture is made accordingly. Here it is where the small vanity that, even in the midst of democracy, will show its head, occasionally peeps out. Here it is where consuls' wives entitle themselves *consulinde*, just as much a title as *treasuress* or *provostess* would be in England. *Particulier* is good enough for an Englishman to denote himself as. This cheque-book is periodically overlooked by the *amtmand*. To a foreigner, who does not speak the language, or if he speak, is unable to write it, this power of passing strictures upon his accommodations, is not very valuable. However, to do justice to Norse system of travelling, he has little to complain of on the score of cattle and carriages. If he, in the vain hope of finding a savory table spread in the post-houses, neglect to carry with him his own provender, he need blame no one but himself.

The landlady is the person who generally appears. At times she is employed on the *cuisine*, at times in spinning. There is no need of eating

meat, and drinking spirits for the good of the house; although if you find a fellow traveller before you, it is a civil thing to drink a dram with him.

Great and manifold is the feminine industry of the humbler Norwegians. The spinning-wheel is rarely still. The flax for it is grown on the man's own farm. Carding wool is an equally common occupation. The best thing you can get is the coffee. Let no man believe that the *berries sober juice* is to be got good everywhere but in England. It is a mere fashion to abuse it when home-made.

The roads are kept up by statute-labour on the part of the farmer. You travel along them as the hand of clock travels over a dial-plate where no hours are marked; since there are no visible milestones, or if they be, they stand seven miles apart, *few and far between*. As a set-off to this, there is an equally deficiency of toll-bars, save and except at the crossing of bridges, &c. &c.

Light your pipe at starting, and keep it alight. It is better to be without a whip than *tobaccoless*. If it goes out, you are guilty of no liberty in stopping the first person you meet with one that burns, and requesting the favour of a light. Wergeland's hookah was a very Arcturus for keeping its fire up. You may compute your distances by the quantity of tobacco consumed.

Here and there at a station a bush is hung up. So, in our country, we talk of *hanging out the broom*, and of *good wine needing no bush*. Signs beyond this there are none.

I said that humanity towards their cattle was a characteristic of the Norwegians, and that violent driving was seldom the vice of any but of the boys and the drunken. One morning I was driving out, when I found that I had forgotten my whip. The first stick which I laid hold of, by way of a substitute (and be it remembered that in a country where there are no hedges, and the forests require the hatchet to cut into them, you must put up with what you find) was of a somewhat formidable size and appearance. It was dry and rotten, resembling a kidney-bean stick in November. I took this simply because I had found it, and bore it with me as a mere matter of form. Heaven knows that I had no intention of making a *bonâ fide* use of it, and of belabouring my poor steed, until it cracked. However, the peasants that I passed were scandalized, and more than one of them groaned, and some cried *shame*. Accordingly, I threw it away, and trusted to my tongue as a persuader. I mention this because I think that the anecdote tells but little against myself, and much in favour of the horse-masters.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Return to Christiania—King Christian—The Cholera.

No more of the Egeberg, or (at present) of Eidsvold. I am safely located in the Hôtel du Nord, Christiania. My host charges me twenty-four three-and-tenpences per month. They call three-and-tenpence a specie-dollar in Norway. There is a greater difference between the specie and the silver dollar than there is between brass and lupines. The silver-dollar means what all honest dollars mean, all the world over—five shillings. The Norwegian National Bank is in Drontheim. There is no bank elsewhere. In financial matters, both Bergen and Christiania are mere provincial towns. These same specie-dollars are like ill-looking pound-notes, shrunk in value by means of a panic. Any one who can count his fingers may see how far they fall short of the silver coin. The Storting of Norway could no more vote that the papyraceous medium was equivalent to a silver-dollar, than

the Parliament of England could persuade people that a shilling and a pound-note was equivalent to a golden guinea.

The four-and-twenty dollars aforesaid find me every thing but wine and servitude. I pay *extra* for my Medoc, and I pay *extra* for the good offices of the domestics. One of these is a German, who speaks French, and another a Norwegian, who speaks English. Both of these may expect their dismissal when the season is over. This will be when the rainy days have begun, and the frosty ones are in the distance. Royston crows will be sitting on the trees of the terrace, and Lycæum balls will be talked about. The English residents in Christiania will then, instead of being counted, as they are at present, by the dozen, be shrunk to three. Mr. Thomasson, Mr. Kent, and myself, will form the triumvirate.

I have to insert a clause in favour of white bread. This is, in and of itself, a superfluity. It is worth bargaining for. Tradition says that the king or the vice-roy would fain have seduced the baker into Sweden, and would have given to him the place of Baker in ordinary to their Majesties at Stockholm, but that the baker was contented to stay where he was. I heard this casually.

The Christiania bread is very good, but bakers are less necessary to kings, than corn-laws are to lords.

If I were a Norwegian, I should get all these good things for less money; although at the price in point there is nothing that one need complain of. I am in the first hotel in the kingdom, the Clarendon of the North. First, however, it may easily be, inasmuch as there are not above four in all Norway. One of these is in Christiania, the other in Drammen. The one in the latter place is kept by the English consul; whose wife is a consulinde, and whose daughter is a froken: the parson's wife being plain madame, and his daughter only jomfrue. Whoever has read about Bergen and Drontheim will see that in those places you take lodgings.

There is no harm in my room: of course it serves for sleeping as well as for sitting in. If I were an English lord, or a duke, or a Norwegian Storting's man, or a father of a family, with my wife and progeny, *en route*, I should be in a state-room. There are such things. Ohlenschläger saw company in one

There is but one annoyance; the concerts are held in the neighbouring room. Before men play in public, they practise; and before they practise, they tune their instruments. D—n

that piano, it is at it again. There will be a lycæum to-morrow night, and the amateurs are getting their hands in. This is the five-and-twentieth time that, during this blessed evening, I have had to listen to Vikingabalk; a canto of Tegner's poem, set to a marching kind of a tune; very spirited, but somewhat palling after the dozenth time of hearing.

Now they have ceased for a time, and changed their hands. In a few minutes they will strike up *King Christian*; or, *the Seaman's Glory*; a spirit-stirring song of Evalds, after Ohlenschläger and Baggesen, the first of the Danish bards. Words, as follows; tune, unremembered; music, left behind.

#### SEAMAN'S GLODY.

CHRISTIAN IV. *Niels Juel, Peder Tordenskiold.*

King Christian stood beside the mast;  
The battle boomed;  
Like strokes of hail his blows rained fast;  
Then Gothland's captains looked their last;  
Then sank each foeman's sail and mast;  
The battle boomed.  
"Fly," cried the foe, that shrank for grief,  
"Who bides the blows of Denmark's chief,  
"Is doomed."

Niels Juel watched each wind that blew;  
The time is come;

He marked the moment; raised to view  
The blood-red pennon; cheered his crew  
Full on the daunted foe, that knew

    Their time was come.

They fly for fright, like thieves for crime;    "  
They scud from Denmark's Juel, whose time  
    Is come.

Sea of the North! the lightning's glare  
    Startled thy sky.

Thy children sought thy breast, and there  
Heard the pale tumult of despair,  
That mixed with death, and rent the air  
    E'en to the sky.

" 'Tis Tordenskiold, who strikes amain,  
" Put trust in heaven, nor strive in vain,  
    " But fly."

Path of the Dane to power and pride!  
    Tempestuous wave!

Ocean! accept thy friend, whose pride  
Smiles at the terrors of thy tide,  
And watches from his ship's black side  
    Thy wildest wave.

Then bear him bold, unblenching through  
The death-storm and the blood-rain, to  
    His grave.

All this goes on about every tenth day, between five and eight, p. m. It is but fair to add, that, after listening to the preparations, you have full liberty to attend at the performance; that, after

being an unwilling attendant at the rehearsal, you may be an auditor at the play. However, these matters have been expatiated on.

Your name and number are chalked up upon a large slate, or black board, in the passage, so that your friends may find you out at once, and you may yourself see who you have as fellow-lodgers. Those that call upon you, and find you absent, stick their card in the KEY-hole.

Things begin to look black. The face of society grows gloomy. You hear of people sitting in-doors for the week together. Others boldly proclaim that they have no fear, and that in matters of this kind, a wise man should consider himself as a fatalist. The amusements are stopped for a while. Men indulge more moderately in strong potations: those that drank drams of brandy, now call for a glass of port wine. There is a great talk about, and much reliance upon, camphor-drops. Medical men are on the alert. There are the symptoms of a Florentine plague, in a small way—a black-sickness, seen through a microscope. In plain words, the cholera has come to Christiania, and men do not half like their visitor. It has been in the neighbourhood before. It had done no good to Drammen; on the contrary, it had

ravaged it fearfully. Theories start into life. It had been demonstrated, the year before, that it could not possibly come to Christiania. There were some mineralogical, or meteorological conditions that would prevent it. Questions are put as to its identity with the Indian, or Asiatic. You ask if men turn indigo, with as much awe, as, in England, you would inquire if a lady was blue. Happy is the medical man that has been in India; that has, in the times of the Danish jurisdiction, cured liver complaints at Tranquebar: such an one speaks as having authority. Two things are especially recommended—port wine and warmth. Dr. Whytt sends round, not only to his patients, but to the public in general, a detailed paper of instructions as to the treatment of the first attack, *viz.* camphor-drops and laudanum every ten minutes; hot flannels to the feet, and flannel fried (like a pancake) in oil, over the abdomen, as hot as the said abdomen can bear it.

The disease progresses. There is a daily bulletin. Three weeks is the orthodox time for its visit. Perhaps, like a boring morning-caller, it will stay longer. It has laid violent hands on the fouler quarters of the city. All by the waterside it lays waste. One street is thinned, another well-nigh depopulated. In a third

quarter, it keeps to one side of the road. The inhabitants of the Clewer-side of Windsor are (or were) without votes, the residents of the North side of — street, Christiania, have an immunity from the cholera.

It is, at first sight, a good thing to be a gentleman: barring other advantages, it gives a *primâ facie* chance that the pest will leave you alone; that the angel of death will have nothing to say to you; that the blue devil will pass you by. Those that live in large houses, and wear fine linen, begin to hug themselves: it is only the poor and dirty that die. This is only a half truth: a man in the middle ranks is seized with it and dies. Dives begins to turn pale. The said man in the middle ranks, however, is found out to have been a drinker of ale, and a swiller of whiskey. The truth must out: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" holds good only in times when people can afford to be indifferent. Things look better. Though caste will not preserve you, caste combined with temperance may. This illusion, however, lasts but for a while. The son of the French consul is seized in the middle of a dance, to the dismay of his partner and his *vis-à-vis*. He is attacked slightly and recovers. The respectable men are laid hold of.

Cholera is not a thing like the small-pox, or

the tender passion, that you can have only once ; although men love to flatter themselves that such is the case. I met a person but very lately, who, whilst the rest of the company were talking apprehensively of the cholera, then and thereabouts impending, affected a philosophic indifference, saying, *that he had had it once, and, consequently, no more feared it again, than he would fear a duplicate set of measles.* I could not help undeceiving his selfishness, by informing him that it was a common thing for a man to have two attacks, in which case, the only thing against which he could be ensured was the likelihood of his dying under the *first*.

Anomalous cures were performed. One man was taken suddenly ill, to the excessive surprise and dismay of his fellow-labourers. They were maltsters, and were at work at the kiln. Greatly terrified, they left him to fate. He managed to plunge himself up to the chin in the hot malt, suffered a kiln-drying, and came out a healthy man.

The cold weather came and the cholera went away. Christiania contains 22,000 souls. Of these 1000 were attacked, and 500 died ; in other words, every twentieth person suffered, and every fortieth was destroyed under it.

## CHAPTER XV.

Points of Norwegian Morality and its reverse—Dram-drinking—Fidelity of married women—The custom of the country—Duelling—Holmgang—Litigation—Hauger.

WHEN writers indulge in transitions, that are likely to appear to their readers more violent than they really are, it is but justice to themselves (as often as two subjects apparently disconnected are brought in juxta-position), to point out the logical links that bind them together—provided such actually exist. Now music and the Lycæum led as naturally to the consideration of the cholera, as the Florentine plague led to the amusements of the Decameron; and the cholera leads to a notice of the morals of the country which it devastates, as regularly as death and morality are points connected with, and akin to each other.

In the matter of spirit-drinking Norway has had no more said against it, than it fairly deserved. *Experto crede*. There is much brandy consumed there. Where men drink, they grow

idle, and where they grow idle all kinds of mischief creeps in. The long nights are partly in fault for this. A Swedish wit attributed the prolificness of the population to the same cause. Idle people are moreover dirty. Seriously speaking, it is no more true than melancholy, that intellect after intellect, year after year, gets drunk away in Norway. You shall hear of some student of University as full of hope and prospect as the young Tobias, who has raised high expectations of his talents, and verified them, sinking gradually from the dram-drinker, to the tippler, from the tippler to the ordinary intellectualist, and from mediocrity to nothing at all. You may continually hear of some one being *an excellent head, but who has drunk himself into imbecility*. Spirit-drinking is their worst habit, and it will continue to be so. The cold air enables them to take much with impunity. They are in a certain degree the *Children of the Mist*. Their isolated habits send them to the pipe for company, and to the spirit-bottle as an accompaniment to the tobacco-box. Books, &c. are rare. Mutual intercourse is a novelty, and men *will* have excitement. I talk of these things as matters of natural history. The best way to stop them is to encourage the importation of light wines, and the brewing of good

- ales. If men must drink (as they are likely to do for some centuries) let them drink the least deleterious liquors. My friend Daae was a teetotaller.

The seventh commandment is well attended to. Nowhere is it better observed. The matrons of Norway are, to a woman, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. There is no vice-husbandship. Of all the numerous Norwegian monopolies the domestic one is the most inviolate. The ladies who are—

————— Just such another,  
As Potiphar's daughter herself would have been,  
Had she followed the ways of her mother——

are few and far between. In all Christiania there were—

————— Numero vix todidem quot  
Thebarum portæ vel divitis ostea Nili.

All this is as it should be, and (according to the accounts of the Norwegians themselves) very different indeed from what is the case in Sweden. However, as has been said before, what a Norwegian says of a Swede, should be taken *cum grano salis*.

In the ante-nuptial points, things are carried on less strictly. I think that Mr. Laing, in his account of the illegitimacy of the Swedes,

should have expatiated more than he has done upon the state of things in Norway. Up in the country, the peasantry seldom marry before they are either fathers of a family, or in a fair way of being so. These after-marriages legitimize the children born in wedlock. All this, it is true, may be reduced to a mere point of form in the matter of marriages: still it is a peculiar one. There are just as many children born out wedlock in Norway as there are in Sweden; although the latter is the most dissipated country. Very few, in Norway, take the parish at large for a husband.

Some Spaniard being asked about the state of virtue in Madrid, said,

“ All that carry baskets on their arms are bad ones.”

“ And what,” added his inquirer, “ are those that carry no baskets?”

The Spaniard replied, “ Bad ones also.” This reduced the purity of his country women to a very small point indeed. In Norway there is no street-walking, no trivial prostitution. The female servants are much like the female servants elsewhere.

A duel is a serious thing. The Norwegian goes out but rarely. When, however, he does so at all, he does it in good earnest, and on no

slight provocation. For simply disputing his word, he either returns the compliment, by disputing your own, with equal energy, or else, either pummels, or is pummelled. He shews the rough side of his tongue, or the sharp end of his knuckles. In matters, however, of life and death he sends a challenge. The challenger chooses his weapons; for it is far from being a matter of course that you fight with pistols, and a day is fixed for the fray; not too near. Perhaps it may be three weeks or a month from the date of the offence. In the interval you make your will and practise your shooting. On the ground you either kill or are killed. I knew but one man in Christiania who had fought a duel. The like are very naturally rarities; since of the few that fight at all, one half falls. Very seldom do men fight twice. The one party gets physically disabled by being shot, whilst the other is morally restrained by his compunctions.

The practice of duelling is, in the North, as old as its hills. In the times of the Vikings, when two men had a quarrel, they used to decide it in single with, or, in a solitary combat, without seconds. For fear of interruption, they generally returned to some lone island, or *holm*. Hence a duel is called in the old Sagas, a *holm-*

*gang*. Manifold are the allusions to these same *holmgangs* in all the books of the North.

As a set-off to the rarity of duelling, there is a good deal of plain language, a good deal of libel, and a good deal of litigation. A man may get fined as much as three hundred dollars for calling his neighbour hard names upon paper. He may also, if luck goes against him, be made a three marks man, *i.e.* may be, to a certain degree, put beyond the pale of the law, being considered a minor, even although he be of full age.

Hauger, a native of Bergen, the John Wesley of Norway, blew a blast in the ears of the high churchmen that makes them yet tingle. Before his time, with the exception of the Moravians, there were few that were at all deeply imbued with any practical religion. The ante-Haugerian creeds sat easily upon their professors. They sent the people to church (women especially) and they occasionally acted as a restraint, but never as a stimulus. Of Hauger and the change that he worked in the religious feelings of his countrymen, more shall be said in its proper place.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Behaviour towards females, no worse than that of the rest of the world—Norwegian housekeeping no slight matter—Register stoves—The Russian steam-bath.

THERE is a good deal of sentiment thrown away upon the condition of ladies in Norway. Travellers should do in Rome as the Romans do. If, at the house of a respectable host, the wife and daughter wait at table, there is no occasion for being unnecessarily shocked. It is the custom of the country to do so. Similar things may be seen at home. There is just as much drudgery performed by the fair sex among ourselves. Besides the being waited on at table by females is by no means a universal, or even a general habit. It is found to be the case more in the country than in the town, and more in the North than in the South. They do it willingly. I hold most strongly that no compulsory work is done by the weaker vessels. The internal management of a Norwegian household is so elaborate, that a little more or a little less labour, on one side or the other, is of no great importance.

Furthermore, the line of demarcation between out-door and in-door work is very strongly marked. The husband takes the former, and the wife the latter. The serving up of the dinner goes along with the cooking of it. Both of these are in-door matters, and both, as such, under the jurisdiction of the female. In writing this I must be accused of no pre-eminent want of gallantry. Things that do well in Norway, are not to be recommended elsewhere. The whole thing is part and parcel of the system of Norwegian housekeeping; and Norwegian housekeeping depends on circumstances beyond the mere rules of politesse. I, for one, have no objection to have my wine handed to me by fair hands; nor do I think my viands taste the less savoury because, between the courses, the sedulous hostess comes round and asks you if things are as you like them. As for the lady who shocked Derwent Conway by owning to the manufacture of black-puddings, there are plenty of people in England who cannot relish a pork-pie unless it be raised by the hands of their *cara sposa*. The Londoners do not know this. Out upon the silver-fork-school fastidiousness of travellers. No one would be waited upon by a man in livery in preference to a barmaid. With

all its *grossièreté* Norway has nothing morbid and nothing emasculate.

We *must* look upon these things through a northern medium, and according to the optics of the country. The Norwegians consider us bearish in not taking off our hats whenever and wherever a female makes her appearance. The covered Briton is a scandal to the lady-served Norwegian.

Moreover, they take exception to our fashion of dismissing the ladies after dinner. They have great notions of our inebriety thus implied. This is all very well for people that drink brandy *before*, and claret *at* dinner, and besides this import not the more generous vintages. All this is Brummagem fastidiousness. The

— simple olive, best allies of wine,  
(to say nothing of the olive-branches) may as well come in with the third pint of port, as be made into duck-sauce at dinner with the muddy-looking *canards aux olives*.

Housekeeping, as has been said before, is an elaborate matter. It is not learned in a day. Young ladies have to be trained to it, and many actually put them as boarders in families, in order that they may learn the length and breadth, and heighth, and depth, of its

mysteries. I know several houses where such young ladies are quartered ; just as a young man is here sent out to learn farming and grazing, or any other craft or profession. What would a clergyman's wife in England, whose housekeeping accomplishments consists perhaps in a few traditionary receipts for jellies, and sweetmeats, say to the management of an establishment like Pastor Bulls, at Storen, between Drontheim and Roraas.

The peasant who has no land of his own is fed by the farmer in his neighbourhood, and gives in return for his provender his labour *gratis* for a certain number of days. Pastor Bull had fourteen such fed labourers. For all these his wife and daughter provided. During harvest time he employed from fifty to sixty additional hands. Wife and daughter looked after these also. He had to keep an establishment of three cobblers (similarly provided for by the females) and to find these operatives in shoe-leather, whilst the tanning of the hides was carried on his own premises. Moreover all the linen of the family was woven from home-grown flax, worked from the beginning to the end of the process under the direction of the same notables\*. The author

\* Ottes Reise, p. 151.

might have added that the cloth was also woven from home-grown wool, and the fuel raised from home-grown trees. Besides all this there was the daily duties of the kitchen, dairy, nursery, and laundry. In truth, Norwegian housekeeping is not learned in a day, nor by instinct. There is no buying things where the shops are as far distant as London is from Brighton, with bad roads between. Every man is his own manufacturer.

What the country people want they purchase at fairs. There is a great fair in February, about twenty miles from Eidsvold, on the boundaries of Sweden. If I had been there, I should have seen (as I was told) costumes and traders of all descriptions. Swedes with their manufactures, and Laplanders with their game and rein-deer. However, I did not wait in the neighbourhood long enough for all this.

They lay in their wood by the square fathom, so measuring the stacks into which the logs are piled. Birch-wood is the favourite fuel, and bears a higher price than that of the fir.

Old women have cold blood. On the top of the stoves they mark the date of their make. An impression of such dates, stamped upon any thing laid upon them, appears inverted, just as all other impressions do. Now, an old woman

once felt chilly and sat, to warm herself, on a stove made A.D. 1601, and as she was not too far advanced in years, to be susceptible of an impression, carried away with her the date of the stove indelibly stamped, not, however, on her heart. But as this date was inverted, it read as if it were 1091. People naturally took this for the year of the old woman's birth, and, as in the seventeenth century they were superstitiously inclined, very nearly burned her a second time as a witch. This is the earliest authenticated instance of a register stove.

By the side of the stoves hang in general smoking appurtenances, *viz.* the tobacco-stopper and a pipe-pick, occasionally chained so as to be ready. In the poorer houses, instead of candles, slivered laths of the fir-tree, burning at one end and stuck into the wall at the other, flare and flash overhead; but this is not common. I saw it only once, *viz.* in a house between Drammen and Christiania, late in the winter. So much of the business of a Northern establishment is carried on by candle light, that matters of illumination are matters of importance.

For all the number of houses that are built entirely of wood, fires are of rare occurrence. These happen oftener in Constantinople than in all Norway and Sweden to boot. In most towns

there are preventive regulations. In the hotels you are forbidden to read in bed. In several of the cities the breadth of the streets, and the nature of the building material are regulated by law.

In a low wooden house, not belonging to the court-end of Christiania, stands the steam-bath, or, to speak more specifically, the Russian steam-bath; differing from vulgar vapour baths, as Baptists do from the Establishment, in the circumstance of admitting, beside the usual steaming, immersion in cold water, or rather an affusion of the same. That hot steam, *plus* cold water, is an imported, and not a native luxury, is inferrible from the epithet Russian. As the few bathe in Christiania, so bathe the many in St. Petersburg, and so *did* bathe the Spartans of old, that sweated themselves in their sudatories, and then ducked themselves in the Eurotas. No ill effects come from all this. You undress in an outer room, adjoining and leading to an inner one, this latter leading in its turn to the bath, *if bath it may be called, that bath is none*, but only an atmosphere. The outer room warmed artificially, is just hotter than the average air *au naturel*. The inner one might peradventure force a dahlia, if it were used as a hot-bed. The bath itself would steam a po-

tatoe. Having reduced yourself to the state of nature, and resembling, in all but the essential point of innocence, the new-born babe, you step from the ante-room into the *atmosphere*, with your natural integuments as a bathing dress. The mists of the Isle of Ely warmed up, Holland under a tropical sky, an exhalation that the sun has not only sucked up but heated during the suction, may serve as an illustration of this same atmosphere. A common vapour-bath is on too small a scale to serve as a comparison. The mist of the Muscovite sudatory transcends it, as the mist of German metaphysics surpasses all other kinds of haziness. In one corner stands the stove, glaring redly and indistinctly, like a drunken-faced sun through a halo, or like the sense through the verbiage of a declamation, or like a twilight beam of intelligence through a lumpish physiognomy.

To enter rather more, however, into the detail of the matter, the bath itself is a high room, rather long than broad, with one of the ends of the floor somewhat sunken for a stove, and the sides raised into a sort of platform. You reach this platform by ascending a few wooden steps, an operation that, after an average steaming, is not performed without considerable totterings and vacillations; indeed, what with darkness and

what with the tremulousness of your knees, the chances are that you want the arm of an assistant to conduct you. The bath-master, a Courlander by birth, but a steam-king by education and habit ; who passes about a third of his life time in the bath, and visits the fresh air as an exception to his usual custom ; an amphibious animal, not because he changes from one element to another, but from the nature of the element itself (which is neither air nor water) ; and who is a stout man withal, leads you up to the platform, and lays you down on a kind of shelf as you would lay a book on the mantelpiece. If fresh steam is wanted, that is, if the temperature be not about 38° Reaumur, and the mist a palpable obscure, he leaves you there, and directs his attention to the stove, throwing, if necessary, a bucket or two of water on the glowing slabs. Independent of the hiss and heat, you find out this by the tendency to suffocation that supervenes, hot vapour being scarcely the natural fodder of your pulmonaries. However a bucket, or keg of cold water, stands at your head, and over this you may put your mouth, and enjoy a cooler respiration. Your eyes grow red, your hair feels like a hot bone, the only dry part about you, and in respect to the rest of your body you feel deliquescent.

Steam baths were not in vogue in Hamlet's time, otherwise he would not have wished, in vain, that his

—— too too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew.

Before the stage of dissolution you have, in all probability, found out that you are not alone. Vague voices and indistinct gaspings, as that of souls in the obscurest part of the Inferno, pierce the spongy air; an arm perhaps hangs listlessly down from the shelf above; or some one extended opposite to you, on the same plane, puts his feet in contact with your own. You are perhaps greeted by the voice of some friend, proclaiming his readiness for the cold ducking, as by a speech from some spirit in a cloud. The truth is, you lie on your respective shelves like books in a book-case, above one another, or on the same line: if on the same line, head to head, and foot to foot. Steaming is a social recreation; although, as to the identity of those who may be steamed in company with you, you are, as far as seeing is concerned, as unconscious as hams are of the hams that are smoked with them conjointly. Such as go for ablution as well as for diaphoresis, may be accommodated with a fir-tree branch, by way of a strigil. After you have lain perhaps a quarter of an hour, when the heat of the steam no

longer burns, when you can breathe independent of the water-keg, and when you could touch your own hair without singeing your finger, the Courlander cries out in Norse, or German, as the case may be, (for like the Canu-sians of old he is bilingual), *Are you weak in the knees?* To this you will in all probability muster up strength sufficient to say yes. If you have any doubt about the infirmity while you are in the horizontal position, all such scepticism is done away with on trying to rise and walk. You have to descend some steps. You feel as if you would pitch headlong. Your body seems to sink within itself like a perspective-glass shutting up. Your lower extremities tremble like jellies. The Courlander offers his arm; which you accept, and descend tottering. You are on the floor, and below the mouth of a reservoir of cold water. The roof is about twenty feet above you. At the top of the roof is a cistern of cold water. If it be the winter-time this will be frozen; you stand immediately under this, a spring is pulled, and a hogshead of water descends upon you. It never rains but it pours. This affusion comes, not in drops like a shower-bath, but *en masse*, as though a spout, or a pump. It is important that it should alight on your head first. The Courlander has hold of

your chin and your occiput. He keeps your head full under the stream. After being washed as to the face and head, he takes each particular joint, and exposes them in turn to the cascade. Each elbow and each knee has for some seconds a monopoly of ablution, to the exclusion of the other parts. You now no longer feel languid and feeble. If asked whether you feel *weak in the knees*, you may repel the charge with indignation. You are as strong as a lion; as valorous as an Athlete of old, and as naked.

Few persons content themselves with a single steaming, and its corresponding affusion. The generality have the process repeated several times. I never underwent it more than three times at once. After having been recalled to life and strength by the water, you again ascend the steps, and are again steamed till your knees grow weak. Then you are a second time ducked. After the third time your strength looks rather loth to return. It seems as if it did not choose to be brought up for nothing. It will not be tampered with.

When all is over you go in the anti-rooms, dress, pay either a dollar or half a dollar (I forget which) for the bath, drink a glass of *eau de vie*, and eat a sandwich, and find your way home again. A book is laid on the table wherein you

write your name, and put down the number of degrees (Reaumur) at which the bath was heated. Thirty-eight of these is as much as one of the uninitiated delight in, though many there are that bear it up to forty-six.

Of course the proprietor of this same bath vaunts much about its medical value. I believe that there is no disease in the nosologies that he believes it would not either cure or relieve. He may truly say that he never heard of any one being injured by it. The most delicate female bears it as well as the most robust man. It is used equally in the height of summer, and in the depth of winter. The proprietor himself will sometimes run into a neighbouring courtyard and roll himself in the snow, as if the pump were not cold enough.

As I generally took it in the evening, and went to bed soon afterwards, I am unable to say how long its strengthening influence lasted. I cannot, however, but think that it would soon pass off, and give way to relaxation. Another temporary inconvenience also arose from the use of this bath. The hot vapour caught hold rather of the eyelids, reddening and inflaming the tarsi. Beyond this I got neither harm nor good.

It must not be supposed that this mode of bath-

ing is homebred in Norway. It is as little so as shampooing is with ourselves. Its original is Russia. The Finlands and Laplanders have adopted it. Perhaps it is the only mode of ablution that the latter take delight in.

For such as choose to bathe *sub dio*, and in the open sea, there is a commodious floating bathing-house about half a mile out, in the firth, and boatmen ready to take you over to it. The English, with all their vaunted cleanliness, perform general ablutions less often than they ought to do. "The foreigner," says some one, "has often a clean skin under a dirty shirt, whilst the Englishman has a dirty skin under a clean one."



## CHAPTER XVII.

Further notice of the town of Christiania—The date of its foundation—Post-office—Drinking Du's.

WE may now look a little more accurately into the town of Christiania. Between the years 1056 A.D. and 1058 A.D., Harald Hardraade, King of Norway, founded the ancient city of Opslo. In the collections towards the History of the Norwegian nation and language, there is a long chronological list and account of the different bishops that successively were the metropolitans of Opslo; for as then Christiania was not.

In 1624 A.D. Christian IV. was in Norway. The silver mines of Kongsberg had lately been discovered, and he was on the spot with the view of superintending them. This king was an amateur in masonry, and a great patron of architects. A few months previously, the old town of Opslo had been burnt down, or nearly so. Now this gave the king an opportunity of

founding a city after his own name, which he availed himself of accordingly. Christiania was built by royal mandate. All such as had been burnt out, were obliged to show themselves on the site of the future city, and have their building ground allotted to them, subject to certain regulations as to the way in which they were to build upon it. The inhabitants of Moss and Drammen had to register themselves in Christiania within a certain time, under pain of having their houses pulled about their ears. All the timber within a given district round the city was forbidden to be sold to foreigners, or indeed, to any one, save and except those who were employed in the building of the city of Christian. Under these equitable regulations the city contained, at the end of its first century, about 550 families.

The cathedral was built A. D. 1624--1699. The wells, of which mention was made in the second chapter, and which are found in all the parts of the city where four streets meet, are supplied with water, from the river Agger, by means of pipes.

Kammerherr Anker, of whose magnificent hospitality such honourable mention is made in Professor Clarke's travels, was the liberal donor of the Royal Palace, as he was of the Military Academy. The present building is, how-

ever, considered insufficient in point of splendour, consisting as it does of only a single story. A new one, on a grander style, is to be built, when the funds of the country permit.

The university is a stone building, three stories high—an unusual altitude for Norwegian buildings,—and contains apartments for the secretary and eighteen students, besides the lecture-rooms. I am not sure that I was in this place more than once, *viz.* upon the occasion of Professor Lundh reading a Latin oration, on some anniversary or other. I put off attendance upon the lectures, to several of which I had access, so long, that I left the place without seeing so much of it as I might have done. The dates and numbers above come from the matter-of-fact, and valuable work of Otte.

The famed morning-stars are precisely similar to the chain and spiky ball in the hand of either Gog or Magog, in Guildhall. Fac-similes of these most unwieldy of police-instruments may be seen at the Tower.

At Kongshaven the Sunday dancing goes on.—Here it was where Christian II., in A.D. 1531, landed with a few vessels, in the vain hope of reconquering Norway. Here it was where the author of the present book had very nearly been thrown into the water, having mistaken another man's partner and boat for his own: and be it

remembered, this is the only personal adventure that he deals in. Such difficulties as he met with were financial, rather than physical.

The worst-looking edifice in the place is the post-office. It is like a mean private-house outside, and is a low square within. Herein stand the Bergen and Drontheim mails—one-horse carts, that a fastidious traveller would look twice at. Instead of the apparatus of guards and coachmen, a single lad drives them. A private traveller can get over the ground as quickly. Between London and Christiania a letter was in 1833–34 from *ten days* to a *fortnight* on the road. When autumn came it exceeded even the latter time. On Sunday evenings the mail came in. As is the case in all civilized countries, except England, letters are charged by the weight, and not the number of pieces of paper they may be written on. Since 1834 the regulations of the Norwegian post-office have improved. A steamer runs from Drontheim to Hammerfest; and the English mails run no longer from Harwich, but from Hull to Gottenburg. For all the carelessness of the slovenly turn-out of these North-country mails, I believe that they are very rarely robbed. They are chiefly set-fast by the elements.

*Between the time of the wind and snow, I*

drank *du's* with Walter, having previously done so with Daae. This means that you are to be such good friends as to say, *du* (*thou*) to one another, being converted, for the time, into Quakers, literally becoming one of the society of friends. Frenchmen call this *tutoyer*, and writers of German grammars quote from Don Carlos in their remarks upon the second personal pronoun. In a play of Heiberg's, a bluff animal is introduced, very rough, red, and rude, a supposed representative of what foreigners are pleased to call a plain-spoken Englishman. He dialogues as follows: "*Thou* art so and so." "I am glad to hear you say *thou* to me," answers the other interlocutor, "since, in so doing, you let me see that I am your friend." "Men in England only say *thou* to valued friends, or to contemptible villains." I quote this to show how wide from the mark writers occasionally can deviate with complacency. There is nothing English in the whole dialogue but its translator.

The ceremony of drinking *du's* is as follows: Fill up two glasses of wine (one for yourself, the other for your friend), hob and nob, set yourselves arm-in-arm, then, without unbuckling, raise up the wine and drink it off. After this, receive and give a friendly box on the ear.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Second journey to Eidsvold—Stortingsmen—Wergeland's politics—Paid Members—Literary inaccuracy of the authors.

TO-DAY is the third of September. On the hill at the left of Eidsvold a slight covering of snow is lying, and at Kongsberg the mountains are completely covered. Still in the lower levels it is almost as warm as it would be in England. I am starting for my second visit to Eidsvold. No sledging, no carrioling here ; but a private carriage and a pair of grey horses. We shall, however, get on none the quicker for this. Forty miles over a hilly road, with a very heavy vehicle, lie before us. It will be necessary to make three stoppages, and give ourselves the day for our journey. Our party consists of three ; Henry Wergeland being the charioteer.

We sit at a high level. Norwegian barouches hold their heads aloft. The ground is full a foot more beneath us than it would be in England. We seem all the more elevated, from the smallness of our horses. The trees are passing into the yellow leaf. There is a heavy

fog over the first river that we have to cross. There is no table of tolls at the bar, so that I cannot say whether we pay according to the number of our horses and the multiplicity of our wheels. There is a parrot and a dog in the carriage. Mr. Wergeland's daughter is returning home from a visit at Christiania, where she has been at the Prince's ball and all the grand sights on the occasion; her father being a church dignitary and an ex-Storting's man. I am just getting on in the language, and can talk with people when their voices are familiar to me. Danes, strangers, and provincials puzzle, and take the conceit out of me. I threaten my kind hosts with a week or a ten days' visitation. At Tonsager-field lives a Storting's-man, and a *bonde*, Tonsager (*ιπωνυμος*), whom I had previously met at Jomfrue Braaten, and whom I now visited at his own house. Time was when he was simply known as the son of his father, and had no surname, being simply Erick Ericks-son, or Ole Oles-son. When his family grew greater in the eyes of the world it appropriated to itself the name of the farm on which he resided. They may have been settled there since the times of Canute. The Norwegian yeoman is not one whit the greater man, in his own eyes, for being a M. P. There is no frank-

ing; so that he need not be continually making a favour of giving his neighbour ninepence; and as all elections are double (electors, themselves elected, electing the representatives), he has no occasion to pass his time in canvassing, and forming interests. Moreover, as there is no party in Norway, and as, even if there were one, the respective partisans might be a thousand miles apart, his labours cease the moment he turned his back upon the capital, and the viceroy, or his deputy, has dissolved the Parliament. He gives no municipal dinners to his constituency, no political *battues* to his partisans. He makes no eternal reference to the House of which he has the honour being a member. Barring that he talks upon currency matters rather too well for an amateur, you might pass a month with him without discovering him to be a legislator. His own situation reflects no caste upon his family. His wife is plain Madame, and his daughter Jomfrue. You look in vain for the insignia of his office. There is no translation of Adam Smith in the book-case, no blue-backed reports upon the table. The best, however, of statistical writings, Jens Kraft's Political and Statistical Description of Norway, the handbook for all such as would thoroughly understand the resources, and the condition of that country, is

his chief text-book. He professes not eloquence. If he rises on his legs, he reads what he has to say. He owns to a patriotic feeling, and recognises the union with Sweden, as the best union that could have taken place. Now, lest any one should extend these remarks beyond their proper application, I must add that Tonsager was a county representative, and that he was the only Storting's-man under whose roof I passed any time. I believe that the town members are much more official and legislative.

There is a piano in the left-hand room. Unlike the more ambitious one at the parsonage, it comes not from London, but from Copenhagen. There are moreover the two young ladies that play it. The house itself stands between the hill and the river, very beautifully situated. It is wooden, and of two stories, spreading out in breadth and length, rather than standing conspicuous in height. The owner was one of the silent members in the House, voting very often and speaking but rarely. By such is the business of a country best done.

For men of this kind my friend Wergeland (the younger) is a dash too democratic. He is not only not for the Danes, but bitterly against them. His dislike to them amounts to a prejudice, an antipathy, a passion. Moreover, he

believes in a republic. As such, he startles those of his elders that he does not scandalize. Let no one, however, imagine that, because his notions outrun those of his seniors, they, for that reason, stand alone. Rising men, amongst the students, hold with him. Be it also observed, that from the newness of its institutions and from the breadth of the line of demarcation which is drawn between those of the old *régime*, and those of the new, there is no country where youth is less neglected, and more listened to, than it is in Norway. A very large proportion of the press is entirely the contribution of the students of the university.

We have a homely but substantial supper, which, elsewhere, would pass for a dinner. Wife and daughters go round the table occasionally to see that things are right; a practice which has been defended above. The evening goes off in smoke, conversation, music, and a stirrup-cup.

We have to cross the river in a ferry. The bridge, whose construction Cæsar is supposed to have anticipated, is useless, inasmuch as, like the Thames tunnel, it stretches only half-way across the stream.

Over the mantel-piece is spread the Constitution of Norway in a plain wooden frame. Every man who has a dollar can buy this, and

every man who has a wall may hang it up. A single sheet contains the liberties and the rights of Norway.

The Storting's men are allowed, I think, sixteen dollars *per* week, during their residence in Christiania. They are far too wise to lose money by their patriotism. I believe that each and all live within their supplies; a thing that may easily be done, without cutting very fine. Norway, although a careful country, is not a stingy one.

The rough grey woollen cloth of the country, home-grown, home-made, was good enough for the clothing of a Storting's man. Those that delight in broad cloth have it from Belgium or England. In Stockholm, where there is the strictest prohibition against anything not Swedish, every dandy that figures in the street wears a coat of English cloth. Anti-protectionists in matters of trade say that they smuggle through the custom house.

The fishing-tackle that was sent to Eidsvold from England, has done but little execution. You cannot make a self-throwing fly-line. Not a single trout has been taken since my last visit. I grieve much, that in these matters I am unable to give my kind host a lesson, in return for his hospitality, and much do I fear, that the whole

apparatus will have to be laid by, a thing to be kept, not used.

On the parsonage side of the water, are a number of beautifully wooded slopes and hillocks, with birch and aspens growing on them; and under the shade of these, at the foot of a small declivity, is an arbour, not like the recesses of old Isaac Walton and his cotemporary brothers of the angle, sacred to fishermen, as it well might be, but a maiden's bower, where the sun does not enter, and where ladies do sit and contemplate. There is another in the garden which this, however, far exceeds. The horticultural bower is a mere bird of passage, only in existence during the summer months; overrun with the winding stem, and overhung with the tassel-like flowers of the hops. The one in point, however, it is a *bonâ fide* alcove, roofed, and supported by pillars, with a landscape of Nature's, not the gardener's making, to look out upon.

And here I must pause and, in the matter of this same arbour, make a literary confession. Let every man that has, at the request of a friend, male or female, more especially the latter, indited his versified nothings, in albums make the same—and alas! for the decrease in the original poetry of scrap-books. On one of the

props of the bower in question, which is very prettily painted white for the occasion, are various fragments of moral and sentimental poetry in German, French, Norse, and such like outlandish languages, anonymous and eponymous, written at divers times by divers bardlings. On the other, the left-hand one on entering, and at about the level of a tall-man's third waistcoat button, is a similar effusion in English, excessively sentimental, and metrical; indeed, it has only one fault, that of not being composed by the author who wrote it up there. The original writer was no less an individual than Percy Bysshe Shelley, the transferrer was one no greater than the Author of the present work. *How this world is given to lying.* I clear myself now by a full and free confession. The thing has stuck to me like the consciousness of a petty fraud, and I am glad to get rid of it. This is especially addressed to those whom it may concern. I throw off this day my borrowed plumes. If I had nothing original worth writing up, it was not because there was no object that might inspire them. All this is given, not in genuine truth, and not in accordance with that bastard candour, that prompts you to disclose things only when you can no longer conceal them. I most fearlessly assert that I see no chance of

my being found out except by my own confession. The inscription must by this time be either washed out or painted over, and Wergeland will be translated into a bishopric before Shelley is translated into Norse. Writers in albums, I have confessed my own forgeries; go ye and do likewise.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Holberg—Journey to Moss—Autumnal travelling—Trade of Moss—Climate—Soon—Drobak.

SEPTEMBER 4th—Picked up a fine lively viper, that was amusing himself in the sunshine, and gave him to the pig, who made a meal of him, taking as little harm from its venomous propensities as St. Paul did. This, with the addition of a dusty-looking blind-worm, found on the road to Moss, was the only serpentine animal that I found in Norway.

September 10—Made the best of my way to Christiania. If in Norway at Christmas-time, I shall be at Eidsvold again, and if at the same festive season the pig that ate the viper be made into either pies or soup, I shall have nothing to say to him.

This is the penultima of my carriole journeys. The last of them was one to Moss.

I miss by my departure a water-excursion to

the Miosen, the large long lake, upon which Little Hammer is situated, and out of which the Vormen flows. The whole party are to go thither to-morrow, in a boat, and pass a long day on the water. I wish them a fine sun, and favourable breezes.

I must mention, as *primâ facie* evidence of the hospitality at Eidsvold, that, during the whole of each of my three visits there, there was company, besides myself, in the house. The excellent pastor did not hold one of the best livings in the country, and neglect to open his doors to his neighbours. In July there were visitors, in September there were visitors, and at Christmas there were visitors.

The autumn is getting towards its end. Every one is desirous of seeing snow. The roads are wet and soft, and splashy, and up to the ankles in mud. The time for sledge-travelling has not arrived, and that of carriages is going off. This is the very worst season of the year for either the traveller or the resident. You travel for pleasure in November as little in Norway as you would in England. Fires are come in. The invisible heat of the stoves keeps the cold off. There is a smell of turpentine instead of coal. I cannot say how things look at my late residence on the Egeberg. A true cockney I

confine my walks to the terrace and the town. The steam-boat thinks of lying by for the winter. The weekly importation of fresh faces has ceased. If strangers come at all, they come by land, from Bergen, or Gottenburg, and for the sake of business, not on pleasure. You see Russians instead of Englishmen. In short, the place grows cold and Novemberish. I should be off if I thought that it would last. Now cultivate a habit for reading. There is a strong run on the library. I am going through a course of Holberg, the Molière of the North, and deservedly considered such. I begin with Jeppe paa Bierget, or the dramatized adventures of a poor devil who is henpecked. There is full attendance of females whenever this is acted. Holberg wrote some two dozen plays, and cuts down a new foible in each.

“*Angli libertatis amantissimi* :” so writes this same Holberg in his Subterraneous Journey of Nicholas Klem, very truly and very properly; “*Solis uxoribus servientes*,” so he continues, not so truly and not so properly. Nicholas, or Niels, Klem, is the Gulliver of the Danish literature. He descends into a cavern near Bergen, and from thence to the regions below the earth; going down lower and lower, and finding in *the deepest depth a deeper still*, until he meets with

strange animals, *viz.* men like trees, with branches as arms, and leaves by way of clothing. The work was written by Holberg in Latin, but was translated into Danish by Baggesen.

After Holberg, read Wessel, also a Norwegian by birth.

Bad luck, and the slow sailing of a vessel send me on a journey to Moss. I expect things from England, and report says that certain vessels have been able to reach Moss, but can get no further up the firth. I must look after this; although I would fain put the matter off until the snow comes, and sledges may be used.

You leave Christiania by its worst road, and across the steepest hill. At a less advanced time of the year this latter would afford a fine prospect; at present you see little but the mist of the firth, and the smoke of the low part of the town. The first few miles are gloomily overhung by fir trees, and far less open than is the road to Eidsvold. You stay at a place called *Shishureh*, and spelt *Skjeds-jørdet*, apparently an orthographical anomaly. In the distance you can see the snowy tops of the Kongsberg hills. The roads after this grow narrow, and, in accordance with the time of the year, dirty. You are on the side of the firth, and, as such, on a low level. The ways are more like fen droves than

mountain-passes. The name of the third station is Soon, that of the second I have forgotten. The equinox has passed some six weeks ago, and is forgotten, so that the days wax short. Moss is only four miles Norse from Christiania, yet it is found convenient to stay for the night at the end of the third. Slept at Soon; not at the town, but at a house in its vicinity. There is a large assembly of farmers in the chief room. Every one of them wears the grey Vadmel coat, of which honourable mention is made in Sir Walter Scott's *Pirate*: every one of them also drinks brandy.

There is no great regularity in the town of Moss. All the houses are built of wood. Either at Moss or Soon, a short street was entirely paved with wood. It was very steep, leading up a hill; and had logs laid across it transversely, in order to prevent slips. I fancied myself driving my carriage up a pair of stairs. A convention was held at Moss, whilst the union between Norway and Sweden was pending, known as the Convention of Moss. What was done there will be told elsewhere.

The town stands on the river Vandso. I thank the *Travels of Stats-raad Otte*, for the name. Numberless are the mills that surmount its waters. They all do one and the same thing,

*i. e.* cut up fir-trees in deal boards. Such as love statistics, may find a numerical account of its exports and imports, in the often referred to work of Kraft. There is a considerable trade between Moss and Holland, and between Moss and France; the port of Havre more especially. I see that the number of saw-mills in 1835 was forty-five.

Grev Wedel possesses a large iron-work at Moss. For all this, its foreign trade has of late years rather gone down than increased. In matters, however, of domestic consumption, brandy and tobacco, it stands high. Fourteen distilleries, in full employ, convert corn and potatoes into alcohol; in other words, there are more distilleries in Moss than are to be found in any town of Norway, except Bergen, Drammen, and Christiania. A Mr. Pistorius is the inventor of some improvement in the brandy-making apparatus, saving expense; and his method is employed more at Moss than it is elsewhere.

Add to the account of the distilleries the existence of four tobacco factories.

The chief imports of Moss are corn, meal, and pulse. The population of the city, independent of that of the suburbs, was, in 1832, about thirteen hundred, distributed over a hundred and sixty dwelling houses.

The iron-work has of late years gone down. A cannon foundry, which once belonged to it, is now no longer kept. This information, inasmuch as it deals with numbers, is also extracted from Otte's work.

Moss is one of the places where the steamer stops at in its voyage up the firth. When Otte travelled in 1830-31, they not only stopped, but landed there. It was at Moss that he first put his foot on Norwegian ground. In 1833, however, we only put in for a few minutes, staying just to take up passengers.

I made no long stay at the place: I knew no soul there, and was disappointed in my errand. A lubberly Skydsgut, who confessed that he was in great fear of being made a soldier of, by means of the conscription, drove me to Soon; where I put in for the night. The intervening road was, as far as I remember, flat and woody. The nearest approach to the music of birds came from the throats of a multitude of jays, *skrikas* (*shrikes*) as the guide called them, that were congregated in a wood to the left. There is no milder climate in Norway than that of the neighbourhood of Moss: apricots ripen there.

Slept at Soon, in an overheated bed-chamber. Mr. Colman's stout gentleman, that found, after having lost a moiety of his weight by diaphoresis,

that his bed had been immediately over a baker's oven, was no hotter than I was that night. The natives themselves, equally patient of heat within and cold without doors, often warm their rooms to fever-heat ; which is made all the more oppressive and stifling, by the absence of chimnies to cause a draught of air.

It is not the least inconvenience of travelling in Norway that you are for the most part unable to find any thing like a book at the respective stations. Very rarely is there any thing beyond the way-bill, or a Christiania newspaper, which if you come from the capital is rarely a novelty.

If you take your tea or coffee in bed, the landlady or her daughter brings it to you. There is none of the sanctity of the bed-room. Not being a female, I cannot say whether males have equal access to the chambers of the gentler sex ; but I imagine that they have not, except on occasions. On one of the short days of December, in accordance with a point of police, the Examining Commissioner of the stoves and flues, comes round in the shape of a chimney-sweep. You must either admit him, or pay a fine of ten dollars. The chances are, that he comes full early, and breaks into your first sleep. In cases like this he has ubiquitous access. For my own part I was awakened by him on the

morning of St. Thomas's day, at about four o'clock, and was foolish enough to think that I could tell him to come again at a more convenient time. The effect was, that he went to call the landlord out of his bed, and prepared to break open the door. So peremptory are the laws of the smoky chimnies, and so absolute are the powers of the Chimney-sweep Commissioners.

Soon stands either on, or near to the water, so that early the next morning, having made up my mind that at least a part of my journey should be by water, instead of repeating it over the muddy roads of the day before, I took a boat and set sail for Drobak. The water was rather agitated by the autumnal winds, although as yet, no ice was to be seen floating on it, and its banks had changed the hues of their vegetation for the dull grey and blue of the porphyry rocks that formed them. A vast number of alks were swimming about in the Firth, and several idle hands were amusing themselves with rowing about and shooting at them. It is a difficult matter to get a shot at many of the Norwegian water-birds. A diver (*Lomme*), that a friend and myself passed an hour or two in chase of, during the summer, continually eluded us, by dipping down the moment we came within shot of him, or raised our guns. It is,

however, not so with these alks, (or auks). They are wonderfully patient of being fired at, so that those who love slaughter for its own sake, may kill some dozen of them in a morning, and make a pie of them afterwards; the breasts being considered good eating, while the legs and wings are fishy and stringy. They are more easily wounded than killed, as the thick padded plumage of their breasts will turn a distant charge of moderate-sized shot.

The waterman, like a great number of his fellows, had been for a while on board an English ship. Such men are some one in their own eyes. Some of them speak our language well, although the majority have little knowledge of it, beyond the familiarity with a few common nautical phrases. They talk of a *Manuarr*, meaning thereby a Man-of-War, and consider themselves, in matters of experience, the cocks of their walks. My friend took exceptions to the living in England, and said he was not sorry to leave a country where there was such bad coffee.

The Firth grows narrower, and looks like a broad inland river running through a country of wood and rock. On the left you leave Holmestrand, and the entrance to the Drammen Firth. Just where the water is narrowed, and

at the foot of a wooded declivity, in the toll-district of Christiania, lies Drobak. Like all the towns in this part of the country it exports wood, and imports corn; salting herrings to the amount of two hundred tons, yearly, by way of variety. Drobak is the smallest town on the Firth.

French vessels and Dutch are lying in the port. There is a public ball in the evening. The whole place is of wood, and lies at a small distance from the harbour. Drobak is represented in the Storting.

The rest of my journey is dispatched in a carriage. Christiania is distant three long Norse miles. It is late before I reach it. And now that I have reached home, not one single step will I move, before the snow falls and the sledging begins.

## CHAPTER XX.

First day's snow—Sledging—Paradise Hill—Drammen.

ON the first of December, or thereabouts, fell a few flakes of snow. During the night it came down more heavily, and the next morning presented us with the welcome sight of a general field of snow, thick enough to sledge upon. Very little does for this, provided the roads be level, and hard; as in these parts of the country, where the material is firm, and durable, they generally are. A coating three inches thick will serve for all intents and purposes. In England we might drive sledges after every second day's snow. In Norway, the hay is carted in them, during the dog-days; the hardened parched soil, with its carpet of withered grass, being as polished and as slippery as ice. No wonder then that, in a country where sledging is the rule, the first fall of snow should be heartily welcomed.

*Min Norske Winter er saa vakker—(My Norwegian winter is so beautiful.)* So sings one of the thousand-and-one patriotic minstrels of the North. And now the Norwegian winter has really begun; at least in the latitude of Christiania. Up above, it has been going on for some time. The inhabitants of Drontheim have been sitting in darkness for some weeks. The Laplander has forgotten the existence of a sun. The Aurora Borealis, and the snow, make good the deficiency. In the south we have had simply November weather, which is much the same all the world over. My friend Walter has been waiting for the cold and snow, with the view of making an expedition to Laurvig, and he takes me with him as far as Drammen. We prepare to start. Walter has on his winter travelling garb, *viz.*:—a wolf-skin coat, and a pair of overall boots. He is all hair and leather. Men dress themselves in fur in Norway, just as ladies wear feathers in England, *viz.*:—as a luxury. There is no such thing as a genuine skin costume out of Lapland. You have a bear-skin collar, as you would have a velvet one, simply as a matter of taste. Broad cloth is warm enough for all servicable purposes. A wolf or a bearskin coat costs somewhat more than either a horse or a carriage; perhaps as

much as the two together. Dressing then in furs, and driving reindeer, are given to the Norwegians, as points of clothing and cabmanship, most gratuitously. Such things are very well in their place, and their place is (geographically speaking), not Norway, but Lapland.

I shall talk more of these overall boots when I come to the consideration of the equipment of a winter traveller.

There is an *extra* number of faces at the windows. People look at the early sledgers, just as suburban Londoners look at a procession to Epsom races. Those that drive through must have their hats in their hand, as a multiplicity of acquaintance will have to be recognised.

At the far end of the town, as you approach the observatory, all the old washer-women are at work. They beat your linen with a wooden mallet, and leave it to freeze and grow clean. What with the battering, and what with the *shirt-piercing crystals* of the ice, that as effectually cut it as ground glass would do, those that wear fine linen run great risks as to their wardrobe. There you see it hung out, to be studded and stiffened by the ice-spangles, Nature being the laundress.

You first pass the Observatory on the left, and on the right, at a short distance from the city, the

turn to Grev Wedels place, Bogstad. There are several country houses along the road. On the left you have the waters of the Firth, cutting up into the country, and at times, immediately overlooked by the road. Here and there is an osier holt, showing that the banks have ceased to be precipitous, and rocky. On the other side the country grows hilly. The cliffs, at first of porphyry, occasionally interrupted by trap, grow by degrees, higher and rounder, and are made of limestone. Half-way between Drammen and Christiania, lie the Gjellebeck (pronounced *yellebeck*) quarries, out of which came the building materials for the marble church at Copenhagen; but which connoisseurs have discovered to be too porous to be valuable.

Walter travels in his own sledge, and with his own horse, which he has sent forwards, to a place beyond the first station. He is to wait for me at the place in point, and I have forgotten the name of it. The consequence is, that I find myself about three miles a-head of him, having passed him on the road. He waits an average time, and gives me credit for blundering as I did, so that at the third station, on the top of Paradise-hill, he overtakes me. The people in the station-house, at least the female portion of them, for the husband and brothers are out-of-

doors, are busy carding and spinning wool. They give us some desperately gritty bread (with the exception of some that I got at Moe, on the road to Eidsvold), the only mouthful I found, during my stay, that at all justified the stories that are afloat about the badness of the Norway bread. My friend calls the old lady Kjære Mo'er (*Dear Mother*), and his appellation passes for a title of respect.

Paradise-hill rises eight hundred and eighteen feet (the arithmetic is again from Otte) above the level of the sea, and we are now at the top of it. A two-mile descent lies before us. This same hill is a serious thing to ascend, but a very pleasant one to gallop down. We mean, to rattle to the bottom of it at full speed. I am persuaded into a foolish thing, which will probably cost me a broken nose. Walter's servant is to get into my sledge, and I am to put each foot on the narrow pole that sticks out behind, and hold on as I can. The snow lies on these same poles, and the chances are that, being unused to the position, I shall slip off, and fall on my face. However, I won't be persuaded, so just as we get half-way down the hill, my feet slip from under me. Properly speaking, I ought to smash my face, and be run over by the sledge behind. However, by good luck, no further mischief.

occurs than the fact that I have to take a half mile run before I can recover my friends, and sledges, which are getting on in front of me, by an easy descent, at the rate of about fourteen miles an hour. In the course of time I learned to stand steady on these shafts, and to defy the roughest jolt on the most uneven road.

Talk of any thing, except some suburban Paradise-row, such—

As Eve could quit without much sacrifice—

with the epithet Paradisiacal attached to it, and you naturally form expectations of fertility and beauty. For my own part, I descended and ascended Paradise-hill, at the wrong season of the year, and must take its beauties upon trust. Every traveller has given it credit for them. The vale of the Lier, is the Happy Valley of Norway. That the whole of the left hand side of the road, on the approach to Drammen, was beautifully studded with country-houses, garden-land, and plantations, I could see through the covering of the snow. No one need be told that he is approaching an opulent town. The productiveness of the land tallies with the beauty of its situation. The Drammen-firth lies at the bottom of the valley of the Lier. The river Lier itself winds through it. As the Liffy

runs through Dublin, so flows the Lier through Drammen. It divides the town lengthwise, having, streets on each side of it.

Drammen is a collective name for three distinct parishes or towns, each having a separate church, and named respectively Bragernæs, Stromsøe, and Tangen. The buildings form the back part of the valley; the front is a smiling platform of green meadows. So, at least, say those who have seen them during the summer months.

Very long, and very tedious is the drive through Drammen. The Hôtel d'Angleterre, kept by the British vice-consul, stands almost at its farther end, full two miles (English) distant from the entrance of the town. If the breadth of Drammen at all corresponded with its length, it would be the largest town in Norway. However, it is very narrow, consisting almost entirely of a single street, backed by a range of hills running parallel with it, and with the river.

Bridges are about the only things that you pay for crossing in Norway. Over the Lier, in the centre of the town, is a wooden bridge, built by a private company, which even foot passengers are compelled to pay for passing. This is a heavy tax upon the inhabitants, and it is to be hoped that, after the expenses of its building have been defrayed, it will cease.

Otte speaks in high praise of the view, which his polite landlord pointed out to him, from the heights where the light-house stands, commanding as it did the snow-capped hills of Sigdal, and of Nummedal, as well as of the Firth, and the harbour.

Although Drammen lies in the same latitude with Christiania, or perhaps a hair's-breadth to the south of it, it is much colder, both in respect to the surface of the land, and that of the water. Vessels can come close up to the quay at Christiania; or, if they are hindered, it is the wind that hinders them. On the contrary, at Drammen they are compelled, by the ice, to keep at a respectful distance from the town during the winter months. These may be reckoned from December to April, inclusive. So long the ice lies on the water. The winter quarters of the Drammen vessels are Svelvigen and Strommen.

Drammen stands high among the commercial towns of Norway. No port lies more thoroughly in the wood district. From Drammen is shipped the timber of the forest-tracts of Valders, Hadeland, Hallingdal, Sigdal, and Ringerige. There is no lack of streams for the timber-floats. The rivers of the above-mentioned valleys swell out into the lakes Randsfjord, and Tyrefjord. The Drammen flows out of the latter. Such merchants

as have made fortunes in Drammen (and they are not a few) have done so through the trade in timber. Iron and cobalt are also exported from this port. The cobalt-works are at Modum, distant from the town two miles, Norse. And what is it that the good people of Drammen chiefly import? Corn. Now before the application of potatoes to the production of brandy, as much of this corn went to the distillery as there did to the bake-house.

Generalize where you assert, specify where you prove. I have said above that the Northmen were no tee-totalisers. In 1834, or 1833, eight hundred tons of potatoes were used up in the distilleries of Drammen alone. Now this consumption was a galloping one. In 1827 there was not a single potatoe distillery in Drammen; six years afterwards there were seventeen. In 1827 there were in all Norway twenty-seven distilleries, in 1833 there were one hundred and thirty-eight. Now where there are many gallons of brandy, and but few to drink, a good share must fall to the share of each individual.

There is a great deal of what the natives call nervous fever, both in town and country. I strongly suspect that this same nervous fever is a mild name for Delirium Tremens. The hospital

reports say, that about two men die, and three are cured of it, annually.

There is always a proportion between the consumption of spirits and that of tobacco. Thus, in Drammen, there are thirteen tobacco-factories.

The population was, in 1825, seven thousand. Those that buy carriages should buy them in Drammen. Those that love learning, may be taught there. At Bragernes is a free school, besides which there is a gymnasium, two grammar schools, and a charity school.

The climate of Drammen is more raw than that of Christiania. So are the manners of the inhabitants. At least the Christiania people tell you so. I cannot say, that for my own part I found it out. No one need wish for a better inn than the Hôtel d'Angleterre, or for a kinder landlord. The ceiling of his coffee-room is, amongst the ceilings of the country in general, as the moon is amongst the smaller stars. It is carved, and embossed, and magnificent, the tops of the plaster flowers, and the extremities of the white-washed leaves, coming half way down to the floor, in the profundity of their relief.

In the neighbourhood is an iron-work, a salmon-leap, a cobalt-manufactory, and the silver-mines of Kongsberg, of all of which more shall

be said, when I come to treat of the things under the earth, and of those in the waters. Salmon, be it remarked, in the mean while, is less of a drug, than is generally imagined by those who think that in all places north of the Baltic they are to be found in every stream that turns a saw-mill.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Languages of Scandinavia—Norwegian—Swedish—Laplandic  
--Lapponic—Finlandic—Mr Stockfleth's Sermon—Proper  
and Surnames—Danish Dialects.

SUCH as choose to learn the language of Norway, may study it in the compendious Grammar of the late Professor Rask, who wrote one, in English, for Englishmen. As Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese are to Latin, as the Roman is to the ancient Greek, as High German is to the Mæso-Gothic, as English is to the Anglo-Saxon, so are Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian to the old Norse language. *That* language was, in the ninth century, transported to Iceland; *there* it remains to this day. As is often the case with isolated languages, it is nearly in its original state; with a grammar as copious as the Greek, and words as numerous as the German. The same is spoken in the Faroe Islands. Icelandic and the old Norse mean the same thing.

We hear that the Icelandic language was once spoken all over Scandinavia and Denmark. It would be a less lax expression, if we said that the old Norse language, now preserved in Iceland, was once the common tongue of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Of this there are abundant proofs in the runic monuments, which have been found with Norse inscriptions as far south as the Eyder, or even the Elbe. Here the old language was met by the Northern dialects of the Angle and Saxon. The Danes, in Canute's time, spoke a language unintelligible to a modern Swede, but probably intelligible to an Icelander of the present time. How like was this to the Anglo-Saxon? Is there reason to suppose that the old Anglo-Saxon and the old Norse were mutually intelligible dialects? This is a moot point. We never hear of interpreters between the Greeks and Trojans, and we never hear of them between the Saxons and the Danes. Did Alfred in Guthrun's camp sing in Norse or Saxon? if he sung in Norse, was he understood? or did he merely play, and not sing at all? These are matters which such as choose may investigate at their leisure.

The grand point of structure in which the Scandinavian branch differs from even the most similar dialects of the German, is the fact of its

possessing a passive voice, and its peculiar mode of expressing the definite article. These are the immutable and inherent characteristics of the Norse, in contradistinction to the Germanic dialects. Old Icelandic, modern Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian, in all their dialects, and in all their sub-dialects, retain these peculiarities. Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian are, be it noticed, the daughters of one mother-tongue. Are they mutually intelligible to each other? They are. They are certainly not *more* unlike each other than Spanish is unlike Portuguese; if, indeed, they be so much so. *Their* grammar is nearly as simple as our own; that of the Icelandic abounds in inflexions. The Icelandic language has between seventy and eighty thousand words; the Swedish, which is the richest of the three dialects, has not more than half as many. The Icelandic language has the sounds of the *th*, in *then*, and the *th*, in *thine*, which the continental dialects, except in some of the remoter provinces, have not. It has, moreover, several peculiar vowel sounds. With the sound of *th*, there is mixed up that of *p*. The tongue is protruded beyond the lips in pronouncing it, and the listener runs a chance of having his face spit upon. This is the salivational sound.

The Danish dialect of the Norse is, from

external circumstances, the best known and the most cultivated. When printed, it is identical with the Norwegian; when spoken, it differs from it materially, by reason of peculiarities in the pronunciation. *D* and *g* in the middle of words, as *sadel*, *duger* (pronounced *sal*, *duer*), it slurs over; as also it does *d* final when preceded by a consonant. *Bord* is pronounced *borh*. *R* has a guttural sound; and *d* final, with a vowel before it, is sounded as *dh*. To a Norwegian, the Danish language sounds querulous. The Jutlanders have the sound of *w*, which is very rare (if indeed it exists at all) in all European languages, with the exception of our own.

Amager, a colony of gardeners in the immediate neighbourhood of Copenhagen — the Battersea of the Danish metropolis, whose inhabitants come to market in a peculiar costume, and with a multiplicity of red petticoats, even in the dog-days,—is said to be peopled by inhabitants of Dutch origin. If so, their dialects, in all probability, smacks of its Father-land.

A geographical work, which serves as a class-book in Germany, says that the six hundred inhabitants of Anholt, an island in the Sleeve, are of Scottish extraction, and speak Gaelic. I never met any one who could either verify or contradict this assertion. Holberg only says

that the people are a very good kind of people, and that they live, like Christians, upon flotsam and jetsam, by pillaging wrecked vessels.

Of the Swedish dialects, that of Scaane approaches most nearly to the Danish: of the Danish dialects, that of Bornholm, an island where coal has been found, approximates most to the Swedish. Danish peculiarities, both in the use of certain words, and in points of pronunciation, are much imitated, and perhaps affected by the more courtly Norwegians, especially by the people of Christiansand. They say, that *there* the best Norwegian is spoken. That the Christiansand dialect is very good Danish, may be truly asserted.

The Swedish language is as sonorous and solemn, as the Danish is hurried and slippery. It is not less strange than true, that, like as Norwegian and Swedish are in essentials, the accent of the one country is never acquired by the native of the other. What a Dane, or a Norwegian, spells with a double *a* (*aa*), a Swede writes *a*. Thus, orthographical distinctions tend to keep the literatures of the three countries more distinct than the difference between their languages insists upon. There is no earthly reason why one alphabet, and one mode of spelling should not extend to all three. Professor

Rask laboured to accomplish this, but the national prejudices were too strong for him. Julius Cæsar found it easier to add a province to the Roman empire, than a word to the Roman language.

The dialect of the Dalecarlians has the most affinity with the old Norse; I have heard that it contains antiquated words which the present Icelandic has lost. The Norwegian provincial dialects are all more closely allied to the written language of Sweden, than they are to that of Denmark. The truth is, that the grand primary divisions of the old Norse are *two* in number, and not *three*, viz. Norse north of the Baltic, and Norse south of the Baltic. The true *spoken* Norwegian belongs to the first division; the *written* language is neither more nor less than Danish imported and modified. The Icelandic, like the Swedish, is printed in Roman characters.

By Norwegian, I mean the dialect of the writers and of the educated classes of Norway, as I heard it spoken at Christiania. Less slurring than the Danish, and not so stately as the Swedish, it sounds to the stranger much more like other languages. To the eye it is Danish. Of all the strange dialects I have heard, the Norwegian sounds to me least like a foreign

language. It has little unenglish in its sounds, except the existence of the French vowels, *u* and *eu*, and a peculiar power (somewhat approaching that of *ksh*) of the combination *kj*. I have before remarked that its dialects approach the Swedish. In some of them, however, we meet with strange sounds. The peasants, north of Christiania, pronounce the *l* in a manner peculiar to themselves. It has a dash of the *r* in it. The word *Ole* is their Shibboleth. North of Drontheim *ll* is pronounced much as it is pronounced in Wales.

Within Scandinavia, besides the Norse dialects already expatiated upon, lie two other distinct and independent languages, the Laplandic and the Finlandic; for I lay no stress on the Russian, which cuts into the Scandinavian districts about Tornea, and on the borders. The Laplandic, and Finlandic languages, are as unlike the Norse as any two languages can be. Their grammar approaches in its complexity that of the Greenlandic. In Finlandic there are fifteen cases; in Laplandic, a multiplicity of conjugations, and a negative voice. Both languages are remarkably musical in their sound: both delight in long words: both avoid the concurrence of consonants. A Finlander cannot pronounce a word like *dristo*, but is forced to convert it

into either *deristo*, or *edristo*. How like are the Laplandic and Finlandic to each other? Are they mutually intelligibly? No. Are they allied? Yes: but only as the Welsh and Irish, the Latin and Greek are allied. Their affinity lies so little on the surface, that it is only lately, and after the masterly criticism of Professor Rask, that it has been generally recognised. The Laplandic falls into two main dialects; that of the Norwegian, and that of the Swedish Laplanders. The language of the latter is supposed to be the purest, and to preserve more of the old forms. It is pretty accessible, through the works of Ihre and others. In contradistinction to the Norwegian Laplandic, is it sometimes called the Lapponic. Of the Norwegian dialect, as it is spoken in Porsangerfield, the grammars exist of Leem and Rask. Fiellstrom's grammar, I think, deals with the same dialect. The Laplanders have between thirty and forty simple articulations in their language, and, what is better, an alphabet copious enough to express them. Their literature consisted, four years ago, of a version of the New Testament, some Psalms in metre, and a translation of Robinson Crusoe. Mr. Stockfleth, who is now residing as a pastor, almost as a missionary among them, is the Egede of Norwegian Lapland. Two

Laplanders were at Christiania during my residence there, at the expense of the government. I saw one of them: he was short, thin, and sallow-faced, and was learning to be a carpenter. He read with great ease and fluency. For all this his countrymen are savages. Few or none of them sow and reap. If a rein-deer strays from the herd, the owner or his son is a made man. He takes his sledge and travels about to look after it, gossips with his countrymen, stays at their huts, drinks their brandy, if they have any, takes very good care *not* to find the rein-deer, and is perfectly happy in that true idleness, which consists in doing nothing, with the appearance of being occupied. If a stranger goes without an escort, at least among the more retired tribes, he stands a chance of being shot at; not from malice, but out of timidity and suspicion. The Lapland muskets never miss. Drunkenness is their especial vice. When a native reaches a frontier inn, he lies intoxicated for days together. All this I write from report. The Norwegian government deserves all credit for trying to raise the degraded national character of these stunted Hyperboreans. At Roraas, on the chain of the Dovre mountains, and the coldest place in all Norway, you first meet with the Laplandic tribes in continuity.

Summer emigrations, consisting of a few families, reach points more southern. Laplanders may generally be found in Hedemarken.

Foreigners do not always call a nation by the name by which that nation designates itself. A Fin, in England, means a native of Finland. A Fin, in Norway, means a man from Finmark, *i.e.* a Laplander. The true Finlanders call themselves Cwains. The native whom I met in Christiania, said that he was not a Lap but a Fin. In his own tongue he would have called himself a Sami.

Finlandic is an accessible language. There are grammars and dictionaries of it in abundance. Renvall's is the best. This language has great value in a philological and ethnographical point of view. It has remarkably few sounds. A Finlandic cannot pronounce the letter *f*. Herein it differs materially from the Laplandic. Sjogren is the best authority as to the internal structure of the Finlandic, and its relations to other languages. Its affinity to the Hungarian, as established by Sajnovics and Gyarmarthy, is now recognised. A dialect of Finlandic is the language of Esthonia. This again is divided into sub-dialects. Another main dialect of Finlandic is the Carelian.

On March 16th, 1828, Mr. Stockfleth preached

his first sermon in Laplandic. He had a congregation of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty. He began with a bad omen, and stumbled in some matters of grammar, during the benediction. He spoke too correctly, and was misunderstood. The former liturgies had been drawn up by linguists less competent than himself, and abounded in Danish idioms. Mr. Stockfleth's predecessors had used the imperative where the optative mood ought to have been employed. Now Ganander says, that this same optative mood is the light and glory (*lumen et decus*) of Lapland. The good Laplanders, however, who believed that their prayer books were not only composed by inspiration, but printed also, were scandalized at the amended text of their pastor, and raised an uproar at the innovation. It was some time before they could be thoroughly convinced that good faith and good grammar were compatible.

In England we have but indefinite notions concerning the origin of surnames. People believe Johnson to mean the son of John, and put faith in the fact of the Smiths having been once artificers. So far they are right. In a country where surnames are only *beginning* to exist, where we see them in the very act of originating, and where we can watch the rationale of

their application, we find more definite data for our notions respecting them. Such a country is Norway. In the midland districts, Ole and Peter (for instance) the sons of Thurkil, or the sons of Erik, are respectively called Ole and Peter Thurkilson; and their sisters Gunilda and Maria, until such time as they settle in life, and change their appellations, answer to the names of Gunilda and Maria Thurkilsdatter (Thurkill's daughter) respectively. They are not Mr. Thurkill's daughters, but the Misses Thurkillsdaughter. Sons are named after their fathers all over the world; witness the M'Donalds, &c. &c. of Scotland, the Fitzes of France, the Johnsons of England, the Pelides, and the Cimon Miltiadis of Greece: but it is only in Scandinavia and Greece that the female parts of a family rejoice in their peculiar patronymics. So, however, they do in those two countries. Cryseis and Thurkillsdatter are named on the same principle.

When, however, the rural population increases, as houses grow numerous, and as the isolated farms tend to grow into villages, a different system of things come in. Surnames become necessary. Ole Olson, or Peter Thurkillson takes a farm, and this farm has in all probability a name, arising from some local circum-

stance. Proprietors in want of a surname, generally take that of their farm. Thus, the farm being named, for instance, Tonsager, Ole Oleson who takes it, becomes Ole Tonsager. In our own country the names Croft, Meadows, &c. &c., have originated from a similar cause.

As a general rule it may be laid down that the person who first took up a surname, adopted the name of a place, if he lived in the country, and of a trade, if he was a townsman. Many of our country people are somewhat proud of bearing the name of a village, or a township, under the notion that such villages and townships were named after them. The contrary is the fact: they (at least in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred) were named from the village or township. All that is proved by such names, is that the first of their ancestors who bore a surname was more of a farmer than an artisan. Streets and buildings people may name after themselves, but not the eternal works of nature. Wellington-road is named after the Conqueror at Waterloo, but the River Douro was not christened after his son.

Men who rise quickly in the world, without either trading or farming, have often to choose for themselves surnames, or else invent them. In Sweden they delight in sonorous ones. Men,

whose fathers bore simple patronymics, call themselves, Cedarbranch (*Cedergren*), Thunder-shield (*Tordenskiold*), &c. &c. and by other names equally euphonious and significant.

The Scandinavian Christian names are, like our own, of two kinds; those that are indigenous to the country, and were borne by the generations of old, such as Ole, Erik, Harald, for men, and Gunilda, Ingebore, &c. &c. for women, and those that have been imported from other countries, and adopted, either because they were scriptural, as the older names of Thomas and Peter, &c. &c., or because they were harmonious, as Natalia, Terentia, and other fine names. In the latter commodity the Norwegians rather delight. Italian and classical Christian names are much in vogue with the better sort, especially the female part of it. Gunilda, the name of one-half of the Scandinavian heroines, and Ingebore, that of the other, I heard applied mostly to the serving-maids, the children, and the labourers' daughters. Ingebore the beautiful—so Frithiof called his wife, (who by the by, was the widow of a gentleman a hundred years old) and Hialmar, his mistress—

Fair Ingebore who died for grief,  
When foemen slew her soldier-chief—

Gunilda with the sunny locks—So the blind

king, whom Uhland sings of, called the daughter who was to chaunt his death-song—*To what vile uses have ye come at last.*—The fairest of Norway's daughters should be named after you, and not cooks and washerwomen. Yet in England, we rather neglect our national Christian names. It is not every one who is named Edgiva, and you may go into many anti-slavery meetings (the especial resort of females) without finding a Boadicea.

Nanna was the name of a young lady, or rather of a goddess (saving that, unlike Tithonus, she was not immortal) celebrated in the Scandinavian Mythology for her love of Balder, the god of light, on whose funeral pile she died (of burning) for very melancholy. This might have become a very pretty, though somewhat heathen, Christian name. Unluckily, the word Anna got introduced into Scandinavia from another quarter: the two words were so much alike, that, Nanna, although an independent name, and quite as respectable as the other, went down in the world as an appellation, and eventually sunk into a mere abbreviation (although the longest word of the two) of Anna; hence Nanny and Ann, with the exception of a little loss on the score of respectfulness in the substitution of the former designation for the

latter, are in our own, and its allied languages, synonymous appellations. The fact of two different and independent names being thus merged into one is the key to some apparent anomalies in matters of language.

Thus much for names both Christian and un-Christian, and for Etymological processes in general.

Such as take no further delight in such questions, may skip the remainder of this chapter. It deals in facts and dates. My chief authority is Molbech, who, in the Preface to his Dictionary, has given a full account of the Danish language. I could wish that he had said more about the Norwegian.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the back of the Runic MS. of Skaane, written in the thirteenth century, and apparently cotemporary with it, are the following lines:—

Drömde mik en Dröm i Nat  
Um Silke og ærlig Pæl——

This is more Danish than Icelandic.

At the court of King Waldemar, A.D. 1240, Icelandic Skalds were present. This must not be made to prove too much. Icelandic Skalds might be present after the language had gone into disuse. It is as unlikely that all Denmark

spoke as the Minstrels of King Waldemar sung, as that all England should talk as Saxtons write on gravestones, or as lawyers do upon parchment; inasmuch as these latter affect Archaisms.

A. D. 942, Otho I. and Louis IV. met. William the Conqueror was there. Now William's Nurse, in all probability spoke Norse, Icelandic, or Danish, the three terms being synonymous. A Saxon sneered at his retinue, and William understood what he said *by means of his Danish*.

Why was the language always called Danish, or Norse, and never Swedish or Gothic? Cannot say. The Danes were the most in contact with the rest of Europe, and the Latinizers called them *Dacisci*.

As late as Martin Luther's time, we find the language of even Iceland called Danish. Eiskin, a native Iclander, calls his mother-tongue so.

The dialect of Sealand was, of old, as it is now, the leading dialect of the Danish. The Chronicles of King Eric, MSS. of the 14th century, were written in Jutland; yet the dialect is that of Sealand. The Jutland laws are written in Sealandic. But the Flensburg MSS. has Juticisms. So has the earliest Bible translation. So also have the writings of Taussen.

Previous to the Union of Calmar, the Norwegians had ceased to be Icelandic. Still it was more Icelandic than the Danish.

\* \* \* \* \*

I.—The Sealandic dialect falls into sub-dialects, according to the latitude of the Island. South Sealandic is spoken in Falster and Moen.

II.—The Fyen dialect is spoken in Langeland and Fyen. It possesses a feminine termination in *ing*.

III.—The Jutland dialect falls into the north and south dialects. South Jutlandic extends from Sleswick up to Liimfiorden, on the western, but not so high on the eastern side of the Peninsula. Instead of *Manden*, *Bordet*, *Hesterne*, they say *æ Mand*, *æ Bord*, *æ Hester*. Moreover they omit the *e* final, *Lær*, and *Ram*, &c. standing for *Lære*, *Ramme*, &c. &c. *Ai* (sounded as and signifying *I*) stands for what the rest of the world call *Jeg* (pronounced *Yeg*, or *Yei*). North Jutlandic begins where the southern dialect terminates, and runs up to the top of the Peninsula.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Arts and accomplishments — Draughtsmen — Engraving —  
Music—Songs—For Norway, &c.—Herr Sinclair—National  
Songs—Swedish Songs.

I THINK that the first thing which would strike an Englishman, in the way of arts or accomplishments, in Norway, is the excellence of the natives as draughtsmen. There is less mediocrity in their pencil works than in any thing besides. Every one that draws at all, draws well. Of the multiplicity of figures and landscapes, that adorn walls and fill portfolios, all that are shewn are well worth looking at. They may be admired conscientiously. All this comes as much from cultivation as from accident. There are schools of art and design, both in Bergen and Christiania; one of these is newly established. Both are younger than the decennium. Another reason is this, no person in Norway *labours* at becoming accomplished. They learn not music and the *et cæteras* against their inclination. They do nothing *invita Minerva*. If you ask

a lady whether she sings or paints, you will most probably be told that, finding that she had no genius (*Genie*) for so doing, she either never took them up, or else left them off by times. Thus it is that what they would do badly, they do not attempt at all, and what they attempt they do well. At first sight this seems very proper and laudable. Notwithstanding, however, I hold with the English fashion of teaching (in the ornamental branches of study) a little of many things, rather than a great deal of a few. If accomplishments were things of a more solid nature than they really are, the case would be different. Then would it be worth while to attempt them singly and undividedly. But being as they are, the difference between a little and a great deal of them, being in its effects upon the higher attributes of the mind, and viewed as a matter of education, in the best sense of the word, so very slight, I cannot but think that varied accomplishments are preferable to profound ones. Society goes off smoothly in proportion as the points of conversational contact are multiplied. How does it console me, who know even a familiar air by its length alone, and who (just as Solon could pronounce upon the happiness of day, only after the sun had set) can name a tune only when it is finished, to be told that my silent neighbour is a profound

musician, and understands the theory of the thorough bass? I sigh for social mediocrity, and think of my waistcoat-pockets, whilst I am in the neighbourhood of one whose life has been passed in learning to be nimble-fingered, a pick-pocket's education.

As yet, there are no steel-engravers in Norway, and as yet, portrait painting is in its infancy. Wood-cuts, however, and lithographs there are.

Such songs as I heard the oftenest, I am about to translate. First comes one of which the music and the words have each appeared before. The books call it a Popular Norwegian air. It is, however, not *the* popular one. The music of it is to be found at the end of the Second Volume.

*For Norge Kjæmpers Fædeland.*

I.

For Norway, land of warrior souls,  
We drain this goblet dry;  
When first we fill our flowing bowls,  
We dream of Victory;  
Yet rose we up right well one day,  
And cast our bonds and chains away.

II.

To each true son of Norway's band;  
That broke the bonds that bound him:  
To each that loves his fatherland,  
And loves the cliffs around him.  
The Charta of his native North,  
Is won by Valour, kept by Worth.

## III.

To Norway's maidens fair and free,  
 And if that thou believ'st them  
 Right pure and true, a health to thee ;  
 And shame if thou deceiv'st them.  
 And shame to all cold fools that pine,  
 At Freedom, Beauty, Songs, or Wine.

## IV.

To Norway's rocks, old Norway's boast,  
 To Norway's snowy fountains.  
 Let hill and valley bear the toast  
 To Dovre's icy mountains.  
 Let Dovre's side and Norland's sea  
 Re-echo loud our Three Times Three.

The Northmen think even as their Reformer  
 thought before them ;

*Wer liebt nicht Weib, Wein, und Gesang,  
 Er bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang.  
 Who loves not Woman, Wine, and Song,  
 Remains a fool his whole life long.*

So sang Martin Luther, of Wittemburg, in his lighter moments ; the most convivial of theologians. Hops and the Reformation, according to an old distich, came into England in the same year.

We come now to the more rustic Muses. Of poetry for the people, the Norwegians have not a little. I do not mean, by this, songs and verses written by professed bards, with the pro-

fessed purpose of edifying, what they call, the lower orders, such as Dibdin's *sea-songs*, and a great many well-meant devotional verses, in our own country; but the rough and unpolished composition, whether doggrell or intelligible, of the peasants themselves; such as the ploughman and the waggoner, sing to old tunes, even though the words are new. The most popular of these, a song which you may hear chaunted by two or three dozen carters at once, as they return home, not always wholly uninspired by beverages more strong than water, and lolling, like our own draymen (unfortunately not likely to be fined) upon the shafts of their rattling vehicles, is a series of verses, to a lively tune, and with meaning as follows:—

*Og Kiöre Væ, og Kiöre Vand.*

Then carry wet, and carry dry,  
 And carry the reins apart-o;  
 And carry who soever will,  
 I carry my own sweet-heart-o.  
 The ruddy roses, and the eyes of blue,  
 The pretty girls I hold myself unto;  
 When I do wed, so will I choose;  
 So is it pleasant for to live-o.

When, and by what village composer this tune was first made, is a point beyond the researches of an antiquarian. The bard too, who indited

the first verse of the poetry, is as unknown as are the predecessors of Homer. Such, however, is the measure, to which stanzas are composed periodically, just as events take place which call for the medium of verse, or lampoons have to be written between peasant and peasant. Some hundred such must have been sung at different times, and forgotten with the event which occasioned them. I heard one person repeat between twenty and thirty. The following is one of them, showing that the partiality for gay regimentals is not confined to any particular country, and least of all to our own :—

Not a College student will I have,  
That sits up and reads in his bed-o;  
But I will have an officer,  
With a feather in his cap upon his head-o.  
The ruddy roses, and the eyes of blue, &c. &c.

The Student, however, is doomed to sigh in vain, only so long as he remain unbeneficed; although it must be owned that in the following stanza he is preferred to no very formidable rivals :—

Neither Clerk or Sexton will I have,  
That sits all the church-time a-yawning:  
But I will have a clergyman,  
With butter for his breakfast of a morning.  
The ruddy roses, &c. &c. &c.

The spirit of the song improves. There is less fastidiousness and more jollity. Scene, an ale-house.

Blessings on thy busy hands and feet,  
Heaven's blessings on thee, ancient mother;  
That takes our empty glass away,  
And brings a fresh one and another.  
The ruddy roses, &c. &c.

I spoke prematurely, when I denied the existence of pick-pockets in Norway. Hear the lamentation of a countryman who goes to Town, and falls into bad company.

In Christiania I have been;  
I'll never go again to Christiania:  
There did steal my watch and seals,  
And pick my pocket of a new Bandana.  
The ruddy roses, &c. &c.

There is much more of this for such as love either to listen to, or to translate it. There is much also of a similar sort, to a different tune. Some are translatable. Others are too truly provincial to be so.

*Han Lasse og Han Mass.*—So begins a series of stanzas, full, I am told, of burlesque humour, which I must take on trust. In a small volume, containing a list of the Norwegian glosses, by Hallinger, is an appendix, consisting of similar

effusions. There is a difference, however, between songs *of* the People and songs *for* the People. Hallinger's are of this latter description. One of the best of them contains an account of a wedding, as it struck an uninitiated countryman. He mistakes the big black Trombone, or Serpent, in the mouth of one of the musicians, for a overgrown black-pudding, and wonders that the musician who is playing on it does not burn his fingers. Such is the humour of one of the songs, and it may pass for a sample of that of the others. To this there is no music. It is a poem rather than a song. Few know it by heart, as few understand its provincialisms.

We shall know anon of the history of Lord Sinclair. His fate will be told in volume II. It will be told, however in prose. The versified edition of it is a favourite song. The sound of it comes home to the Northman. It stirs his heart like the sound of a trumpet. The story that it tells (saving, always, and excepting the appearance, in the fifth verse, of a green-haired mermaid, a phenomenon that must be put down to the credit of the poet) is a true one. Hear the opening stanza,—

Lord Sinclair sailed o'er the foaming sea,  
For Swedish gold he was fighting:  
In Guldbrand's valley a corpse lies he,  
For Norway's steel and its biting.

The peasants attack him. The unarmed sons of the soil overpower him. His whole troop lies slaughtered. He himself is killed by the first shot. The poem concludes ;

A pillar bears his date and name ;  
 On Norway's foes it frowns proudly,  
 Woe to the Norman that sees the same,  
 And his heart not beat more loudly.

Such as call for a song, are very safe in asking for any of the following ones:—*Mens Nordhavet bruser*—*Svom trygt paa Nordhav's Bølger*—or *Boer jeg*. This latter song has been translated into English by Mr. Strong, and is to be found in his Notes to his Translation of Tegner. The middle is to the tune of “*'T was when the seas were roaring*,” and the name of its author is Schwach. Storm wrote the Death of Sinclair ; Brun the song *Boer jeg*.

The Chorus, however, in which all join, is the National Song, a Prize Composition. It was written in honour of the Constitution. The poet, one of the living ones of the country, is named Bjerregaard (pr : *Bjerregore*). He was duly honoured for his performance. He listens to it incessantly. Yorricks Ghost heard his own epitaph no oftener than Bjerregaard hears his own song ; an equivocal satisfaction for either party. For my part, I must confess that there are those

in the world in whose mouth I would rather  
hear my epitaph than my poetry.

## I.

Minstrel, awaken the harp from its slumbers,  
Strike for Old Norway, the Land of the Free!  
High and heroic, in soul-stirring numbers,  
Clime of our Fathers! we strike it for thee.  
Old recollections  
Awake our affections;  
They hallow the name of the land of our birth:  
Each heart beats its loudest, each cheek glows its proudest,  
For Norway the Ancient, the Throne of the Earth.

## II.

Spirit! look back on her far-flashing glory,  
The far flashing meteor that bursts on thy glance;  
On chieftain and hero, immortal in story,—  
They press to the battle, like maids to the dance.  
The blood flows before them;  
The wave dashes o'er them;  
They reap with the sword-what they plough with the keel.  
Enough that they leave to the country that bore them,  
Bosoms to bleed for her Freedom and weal.

\* \* \* \* \*

## III.

The Shrine of the Northman, the Temple of Freedom,  
Stands like a rock where the stormy wind breaks:  
The tempests howl round it, but little he'll heed them;  
Freely he thinks and as freely he speaks.  
The bird in its motion,  
The wave in its Ocean,

Scantly can rival his Liberty's voice ;  
 Yet he obeys, with a willing devotion,  
 Laws of making, and Kings of his choice.

## IV.

Land of the forest, the fell, and the fountain !  
 Blest with the wealth of the field and the flood !  
 Steady and trustful the sons of thy mountain,  
 Pay the glad price of thy rights with their blood.  
     Ocean hath bound thee !  
     Freedom hath found thee !  
 Then flourish, Old Norway ! thy flag be unfurl'd !  
 As free as the breezes and breakers around thee,  
 The pride of thy children, the Front of the World.

(*Bjerregaard.*)

Such are my samples of the musical poetry of the Norwegians. Now there are good songs on the other side of the Kiole. There is music also in Sweden. What follows are from the pen of one man, Geijer (pr: *Yeier*) the Historian.

## I.

*The Southern Maid in the North.*

Dreaming, yet awake, my soul flies forth,  
 From the noontide twilight of the North,  
 Seeking for its Southern suns no more,  
 'Thinking as it loved to think before.  
 Gentle breeze ! that fans the Northern skies,  
     Let my longing speed, o'er yon far billow,  
 On thy wings, where, light-encircled, lies  
     Love, on Spring's warm pillow.

## II.

*The Soldier's Daughters.*

ELDER SISTER. Ah ! when the battle trumpet soundeth,  
And father is arming for the fray,  
My spirit beateth, my heart boundeth,  
Methinks I am grown a man that day.

YOUNGER SISTER. And is there danger ?

ELDER SISTER. Aye, sure, there is danger.

BOTH. God ! of the sword and the battle,  
Keep guard o'er our sire when the deathshots rattle.  
For wife, and child,  
For king and land,

He girdeth his sword—make strong his hand !  
When he wipeth his sword, and his friends meet him.  
May then the victor's welcome greet him—  
And if I have not a hand for the struggle,  
A hand I have for the hero's brow,  
To weave the garland that shades his temples,  
And twine his sword with the myrtle bough.

## III.

*Pulling the Flower.*

The happy hours,  
Amid the flowers,  
Familiar to the Spring's warm breast ;  
When Memory burneth,  
And the soul returneth,  
Day-dreaming, to its own unrest.  
I know of looks to me more sweet and dear,  
Than light's glad beam, than Heaven's own blue,  
The spring's soft breath, the flower's bright hue ;  
None so true,

As his I cherish here,  
 Whose image is so dear.  
 Will he love, and love me duly ?  
 Fairy flowers tell me truly.  
 What shall be my lot hereafter ?  
 Shall it end in sighs or laughter ?  
     Pull them lightly !  
     Count them rightly !  
 Yes ! No ! Yes ! No ! Yes ! No ! Yes !  
     Counted rightly.

## IV.

*Illusions.*

Dreams of a day that have ceased to smile,  
 Tarry in this sad heart awhile !  
 Let the rest enjoy the passing pleasure,  
     Let them, let them hope ;  
 Mine be another measure.

## V.

*Music.*

Struggles of thought, of a bed unblest !  
 Spirits of Music, ye lull them to rest !  
 Bosoms, that shrink from the day's harsh eye !  
 Spirit of Music, to thee shall they fly.

Geijer.

I think I deserve well of my countrymen, if I  
 show them that the musicians of other climes, as  
 they sit upon their music stools, sing, at least,  
 sense.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Resources of Norway, superficial and subterranean—Agriculture—Wood— Mines — Iron—Silver—Copper—Chrome—Cobalt.

THE Norwegian climate must have justice done to it. It is not all and wholly raw and frozen. Its temperature is insular rather than continental. In no country is the cold of winter less severe. In no country is corn found so high. In no country does wood grow so near the Pole. The Pine (*Gran*) is found within the Polar circle; the Fir (*Furre*) is extended to 70°; the Birch and Hazel to 71° and 66° respectively. Of garden-trees the cherry is found farther north than the apple and plum, and the apple and plum than the pear. Gooseberries and currants (red and black) grow within the Polar circle. Quite in the south are found apricots and walnuts. Quite in south also are to be seen bees and beehives.

Such as believe in the virtues of the Iceland moss (*cetraria Islandica*) may find it abundantly

in Norway. Such as love carraway seeds may find them also. The carraway (*karve*) is pretty general. It is an object of trade.

The country does not profess to grow corn sufficient for its own consumption. It would tell a lie if it did. There is a *deficit* in the matter of supply, even after favourable harvests. These, be it remarked, come by no means as a matter of course. Wheat and grey peas cease to thrive at the same latitude (64°). Barley is one degree more hardy than rye. The latter is found, in Senjen, at 69°, the former in Alten, at 70°. Oats and potatoes are of all Norse kinds of corn, or vegetables, the least fastidious in matters of heat and cold. Both grow within the Polar circle. In some parts of the country it is the custom to mix oats and barley in certain proportions, and so to sow them. The produce is a crop of *Blandkorn* (mixed corn). When crabs grow wild they are made into cyder. Such as the beer is, it is made with homegrown hops. Shirts are made with Norwegian flax, and male-factors are hung with hemp, which is a native produce. Swedish turnips brave the cold as hardily as the potatoe does. The kohl-rabi does the same. I believe that I have now run through the whole list of the products of the forest, the farm, and the garden. What is ex-

ported in the way of peltry comes from the backs of ermines and gluttons, and party-coloured foxes and grey squirrels. Beavers there are ; but they are too rare to be worth hunting.

There is but one important super-terrestrial article of commerce—wood, and, as a part and parcel of wood, bark.

Dig we now into the bowels of the earth, and we shall find that the treasures there, are metallic, rather than mineral. By *mineral*, I mean *earthy*. The Norwegian miller grinds his corn between his own mill-stones. There is no necessity for importing whet-stones. The razor-grinder depends not upon foreign countries for his grind-stones. The floors of the furnaces are laid down with Norse steatite, resistant to the action of fire. Of limestone, that may be made into mortar, there is abundance in most places, but of the finer marbles there is but one quarry, that of Gjellebeck, near Drammen. A brick-kiln is a rarity. You may as well try to get flesh from a skeleton, as soft clay from the gaunt rocks of Scandinavia. In like manner gravel walks are replaced by grass paths. It is easier to provide a house's roof than its walls. There is no lack of slate. For all this the majority of the peasants houses are covered

with deal-boards. The deck of a ship is not more so.

Of things under the earth, the most productive of revenue are, (a) Iron, (b) Silver, (c) Copper, (d) Chrome, (e) and Cobalt, with its associate Arsenic. Arendahl is the spot that the mineralogist should pre-eminently love. There lie, in their respective matrices, amongst things that end in *um*, Titanium and Molybdenum; and amongst things that end in *ite*, Axinite and Graphite, &c. &c. There is Bismuth at Modum, and Antimony in many places; amongst others, at Kongsberg, associated with Silver in abundance, and with Gold as a rarity. Esmarck was the first who discovered Tellurium in Norway. At Kongsberg is also Uranium.

As Kongsberg is amongst the silver,—and as Roraas is amongst the copper,—so is Arendahl amongst the iron-mines of Norway. Jacob Aal, pre-eminent as a patriot amongst the Constitutionalists of Eidsvold, is the proprietor of them. The best mines give from 70 to 80, the worst from 10 to 15 *per cent.* of metal. The ore is the common Magnetic Iron ore, excellent for the production of *bar-iron*. The wood is supplied from the neighbouring forests, and the bellows are on an improved principle. Next to Nature,

the present proprietor is most to be thanked for the pre-eminence of the Arendahl Iron-works. He is a fastidious man in the choice of his ores. The less mixed they are the better he likes them. The baser ones he puts to the humbler office of being fluxes. Of the twenty mines in the neighbourhood of Arendahl, the chief one is that of the Solberg. The ores of Voxnæs are the Sparry Iron ores. The third of three-and-ten-pence will buy a ton of these latter. As 1800 is to 1200, so is the yearly produce of the Solberg's mine to that of Voxnæs. The consumption of fuel is proportionate. Occasionally old wooden houses are pulled down to supply it. Of the two main furnaces (some seventeen yards high) but one is in full force at a time. This burns for a couple of years continuously; after that, it is allowed two more to get cool. Thus the two furnaces blaze and burn (like Helena and Lysander in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*) with alternate flames. There are twelve men to each. The opening of new furnaces (or rather the re-illumination of the old ones) is attended with corresponding festivities. Barum, Moss, Kaafjord (in Finmarken), with a long list of *et cæteras*, are the names of the other Norwegian Ironworks.

.A man that looked only at the prevalence of

paper-money in Scandinavia, would never give Norway the credit for possessing one of the richest silver mines in Europe. Such, however, is the case. The rocks at Kongsberg are mica-slate, and hornblende-slate. The veins that traverse them contain silver of all sorts; silver native, and silver sulphuretted, auriferous silver, red silver, and horn-silver. Masses of pure metal, weighing 68, 118, 204, 500, and 560 pounds, have been, in former times, afforded by these mines. At present they lie as specimens in their respective Museums. The chief part of the silver of commerce comes from the red silver (or ruby blende) and silver-glance. The Kongsberg ores were detected accidentally. A peasant was the original discoverer. This took place in the beginning of the seventeenth century, whilst Christian IV. was King. That Monarch, being an amateur in building, founded the town. Like all towns built under similar circumstances, it was put under a forcing system, and pampered with privileges. Government grants were lavished on it. Government Commissioners resided there. Government superintendants took charge of the mining apparatus and its subordinate branches of industry. The powder-mills and the saw-mills became their especial care. A metallurgic Seminary started

into life. A metallurgic College had preceded it. A central Board sat, Professor Esmarck lectured. For all this the Government expenses exceeded the produce of the mines. The paper-money encroached on the silver. Things were going on badly at the beginning of the present century. The population had fallen off to the amount of six-sevenths. A change came over the Government. The Storting undertook the management of the mines. At first it farmed them ; fixing a *minimum* price, which no one would bid up to. Afterwards it took them in its own hands. At present there is a mixed practice. Some of the mines are worked by the State, whilst others are let to individuals. A matter of eight Officers, in the Finance and Trade Department, have the management of them. The proceeds have increased. Between the produce of the years 1830 and 1831, there was a difference of 599 marks in favour of the latter. The grand smelting-place is Kongsberg. There stands the full-sized furnace of the olden time, unemployed, and bearing testimony to the decreased productiveness of the mines. There also is the Mineralogical Repository, where the more valuable specimens, for the Museum of Christiania, are preserved.

Just as Christiania was built by Royal Man-

date, with oppressive regulations to match, so were the earlier operations at Kongsberg supported by arbitrary and impolitic enactments. By the Act of May 29, 1720, it was ordered that no one within a given distance of the place should presume to cut down any timber whatever for exportation, or sale, or for any other purpose, except his own immediate and individual use. All the rest was not only to be sold to the Mining Directory at Kongsberg, exclusively, but it was to be sold at a *maximum* price. Besides this, the farmers were charged with its conveyance. Well might the framers of the Constitution of 1814, declare that, from that time forwards, "*there should be no new permanent monopolies.*"

The Norwegian Government recognises the policy of developing and supporting new branches of industry as the older ones decline. The silver-business went off. The poor cried for work. Hands went out of employ. The rulers must cater for them in the matter of industry. A Iron-work is founded accordingly. Besides this, there are at Kongsberg a Linen Manufactory, and a Manufactory of Arms. Both these were established on the compensative principle. There is no part of Norway where the number of poor is greater than it is at Kongsberg.

The main seat of the Norwegian copper, is Roraas. There, where the Northern division of Dovre mountain-chain ends, and where the Southern begins, are the chief mines, pre-eminent for their productiveness. There, where, alone, to the South of the Polar circle, no corn grows, do the bowels of the Earth make up, in their fertility, for the barrenness of its surface. Three thousand souls, spread over a surface of thirteen miles Norse, have but one parish Church to attend, and one employment to look after. Poverty is as rife at Roraas as it is at Kongsberg. The miners are but moderately paid for hard work in a tainted atmosphere. No other operations equal, in the prejudicial effects upon the human constitution, the labours at the copper-mine. Their food comes from a distance, and is consequently expensive. What is not purchased from the Drontheimer, is bought of the Swede. There is a Magazine for the supply of provision, and a Hospital for the relief of the invalids. The chief mine is at a great elevation. Doctors, however, disagree as to the precise altitude. Esmarck lays it at 5071, Kraft at only 2800 feet above the level of the sea. Were Roraas as well supplied with wood as it is with water, no place could be more adapted for metallurgy. It is the *plateau* on which a multiplicity of

rivers have their source. There is a slope on each side, so that it is matter of indifference to them which way they take their course. The chief ore is Copper Pyrites, yielding from 20% to 36% in the 100%. The miners work in turns. They labour sixteen and rest eight hours *per diem*. For five days out of the seven they are absent from their homes. Four smeltings and a hammering render the ore fit for commerce. The first roasting lasts some weeks, and is applied for the sake of getting rid of the sulphur, and the elements capable of sublimation. The second is repeated eight or nine, and the fourth not less than three times. A thousand tons at once are submitted to the first process.

In 1821, a new mineral was added to the exports of Norway. Yellow pigments grew common. Professor Esmarck discovered the existence of Chrome. Five years afterwards, Bergmeister Strom found the same in a new locality, *i. e.* in Roraas. Since then, larger deposits have been detected. Until 1831, it was exported in its native state. An Englishman suggested the expedience of preparing it. He offered to buy up all that could be brought to market, and moreover, to pay a large sum of money on the condition that, within a certain period of time, no native manufactory of the prepared article

should be established. The upshot of his suggestion was, that a Chrome Company formed itself in Drontheim, undertook the previous preparation of the metal, exported it at advantageous prices, and, at the present time, still continue to do so. The chief markets are London, Altona, Hamburg, St. Petersburg, and Havre. To this latter port alone, in 1830, Chrome, to the amount of 1133 ship-pounds, was exported from Drontheim. The ore is the Chrome Iron Ore.

Cobalt.—The Cobalt works are at Fossum, in Modum, near Drammen. Like every thing else in Norway, they have been in a worse condition than their present one. They are going from bad to good, and from good to better. The State farms them to individuals. The proprietors are two in number, *Arcades ambo*, both Germans, *i. e.* Baron Benecke von Gröditzberg, of Berlin, and Herr Wegner. Their shares are unequal. The commoner has three-twentieths of them, the Baron the other seventeen. The Cobalt-works are favourably contrasted with the other mineral-works of Norway. The labourers are well paid. The lowest wages at Modum equal the highest at Roraas. Such as fall sick are taken care of, and all that are disabled have pensions.

The ores lie on or near the surface of the soil. There is no deep digging, to look after them.

These are roasted in low furnaces, or flues, 200 yards in length. The Arsenic is to the Cobalt as 43 to 33. The remainder is Sulphur. The Modum ore is more free from iron than that of Saxony. As such, it is of better quality. It is roasted and melted with pounded quartz and pot-ash, thus becoming Smalt. The chief market is England; the Dresden manufacture of Ultramarine being supplied from mines of its own country.

Last, but not least, amongst the resources of Norway, come the *treasures of the deep*, in the shape of codfish, and salmon, and lobsters, and sprats, and herrings; exports from Norway to the Mediterranean, from the Lutheran to the Romanist. Much of all this goes out in the shape of oil, and much in the shape of bait. Some twenty thousand barrels of Cod roe are annually exported from Norway to the South, simply as a *means* to an end, as baits (ground-baits) for the anchovy fishery. This is the most uncertain and speculative of all the branches of the Norse Commerce.

Unlike the proprietorship of the open seas, the salmon-fishery is a close affair. The fish that are taken in the rivers (the more abundantly the farther you go to the North) belong, not to the community, but to the owners of the banks

on each side. The fish goes with the water, and the water with the land. Dried salmon means salmon that has been split, and smoked with juniper berries to give it a flavour.

The Lobsters are, in a great measure, monopolized. Whole lines of coast are bought up by caterers for the London market. What costs a shilling in London, is bought for about a penny at Laurvig. There is a small export duty, payable in Norway; but no import duty is levied at Billingsgate.

Ling and Seithe-fish (*Merlangus carbonarius*) are caught, chiefly, for the supply of the home consumption. Of this there are no official reports taken. The returns that are made concerning the trade of Norway, take no cognizance of what goes down the throats of the inhabitants. Neither do they note the fish that is sent overland to Sweden, nor yet that which, in the neighbourhood of the North Cape, is exchanged by the Norland fishermen with the Russians, from Archangel, for meal. Now this meal feeds 80,000 persons. The fish, therefore, that is bartered away for it must be very considerable in point of quantity.

Of greater importance than all these, are the two great fisheries of the Cod and the Herring. The Cod is consumed either fresh or dry. The

Norse and the Scottish names for their fish coincide—

There is *torsk* for the gentle, and skate for the carl;  
And wealth to great Magnus, the son of the Earl.

*Sir W. Scott.*

A *Torsk* means a Cod in Shetland and Orkney, just as truly as it does in Norway. According as it is dried it becomes Stock-fish, or Klip-fish. The former is dried in pairs, the latter in bulk. The Stock-fish is, first of all, disembowelled. A small opening is made in the abdomen, through which the intestines are extracted. The heads are then taken off, and the fish are tied up by their tails, and hung across poles to dry. The *skiey influences* act upon them for some weeks. Such as are thus suspended, are suspended before the middle of March. Later than this none are hung up. Later or earlier than the 12th of July none are taken down. There is one great day for unhangings them. If every man followed his own inventions, and took down his fish as he wanted it, mistakes in the matter of *meum* and *tuum* might ensue. Men might appropriate their neighbour's property. Now this is prevented by the regulations in point. The Klip-fish are not only dried, but they are salted also. The condiment does the work of the atmosphere.

As the Cod-fishery is to the North, so is the Herring-fishery to the South of Norway. The Luffoden Isles are the theatre for the one, the neighbourhood of the Naze of the other. What the former is to Drontheim and Hammerfest, the latter is to Bergen and Christiansand. There is a summer-fishery of herrings, and a winter-fishery. The summer-fishery supplies the inferior fish. The inferior fish are consumed in the country. The winter-fish are sorted into the better and the worse kinds. The vessels that take out the cod bring back with them salt, from St. Ubes or Barcelona. Prepared with Peninsular salt a Norwegian herring may be eaten *au naturel*. Not so one that is prepared with Cheshire salt. A custom-house officer gauges and takes the number of the barrels. Here his interference ceases. The Norwegian Government takes no superfluous cognizance. There are no regulations as to whether you shall fish with nets or lines, with large meshes or small ones, in summer or in winter, by day or by night.

The Captains of even the humblest craft in Norway are regularly educated men. They strand their ships or save them according to the rules of the Naval Academy. They sink or swim *secundum artem*. The Captain of

the Christiania Steamer is a Captain of the Marine. In no country are there so many examinations as in Norway. The smallest official gains his credentials by the point of his pen. Of all this, there is somewhat too much. The commander of a merchant vessel has, before he can go on a foreign voyage, to be examined as to his competency, and licensed accordingly. Now this is not requisite for a coasting voyage. Thus you may navigate from Christiania to Hammerfest, the distance of upwards of fifteen hundred miles, along a perilous coast, and during a stormy winter, uncommissioned and uneducated; but from Bergen to Scotland, from Laurvig to Colchester, scarcely three hundred miles apart, you may *not*. Beware of the Great Unexamined! They may conduct an argosy from Drammen to Tromsø, but they may not direct a lobster-smack from Nye Hellisund to Manningtree. Thus the class of those entitled to go on foreign voyages form a distinct corporation, a *clique*. I do not say that this excess of regulation, this superabundant examinational interference may not be beneficial in spreading education over classes to which it would not, otherwise, find its way; but I doubt very much whether, in the particular case of the ship-masters, it has given to one single individual a cooler

head, a more courageous heart, or greater share of *practical* seamanship, and also whether it has saved the life of a single sailor: *Superflua non nocent* is truer in law than in legislation. *We*, too, have our hankerings after unnecessary enactments. Mr. Buckingham was for examining the commanders of merchant-vessels, and Parliament agreed with him. A committee sat upon the subject, and discovered that vessels had been lost at sea. France, however, in these matters goes farther than Norway. Even the seamen that go on distant voyages are all registered, and a government commander, duly qualified by a previous examination on dry land, takes charge of them. But the merchants and ship-owners are not always satisfied with the government mariner, and accordingly put in one of their own also, a kind of king, with a vice-roy over him. Commend me to such Cerinthians in legislation, believers in the two opponent principles.

I owe these details to the Editor of the Orkney and Shetland Journal, No. III.

END OF VOL. I. 1842

LONDON :

PRINTED BY T. BRETTELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

99 99-1282.







